

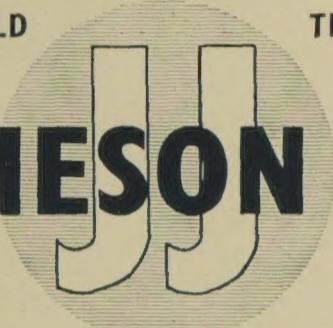
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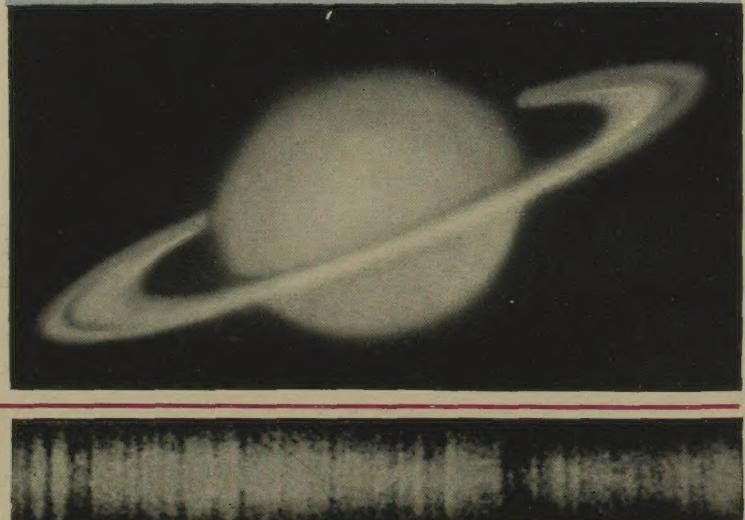
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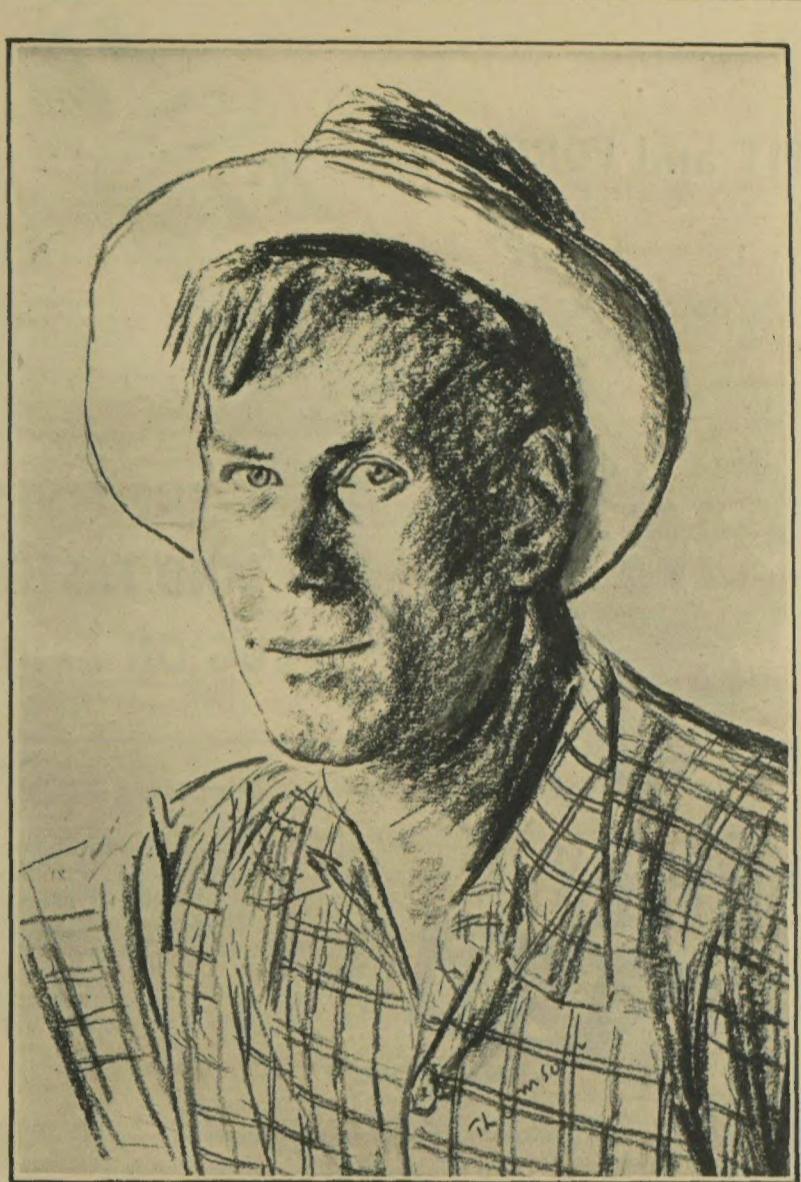
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Backroom Boy with a bucksaw Although his name never appears Halloran is one of the most important contributors to the newspapers. In fact, it is on his bucksaw that the publication of the newspaper depends: For Barney Halloran* is a Newfoundland logger, on the pay roll of the largest paper mill in the world — Bowater's at Corner Brook. His job is to fell and cut the trees into four foot logs, using the length of his bucksaw as a measure. They are then ready for the journey to Corner Brook by sleigh, truck, train, ship or most usual of all, floating down by river, there to be pulped and processed into newsprint. Halloran stands five foot eleven in his socks, and weighs 200 pounds, according to the Medical Officer who runs the foot rule over every logger at the start of the season. According to the camp cook, his appetite is built in proportion! "He'd eat a cow between two biscuits." But Barney just smiles tolerantly, knowing that a logger without an appetite is as useless as an axe without a handle.

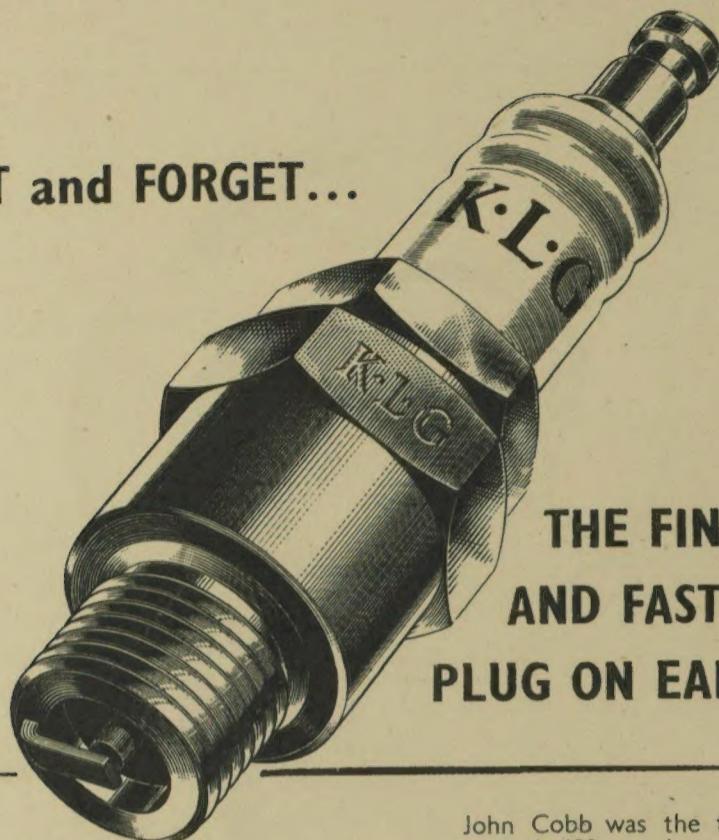
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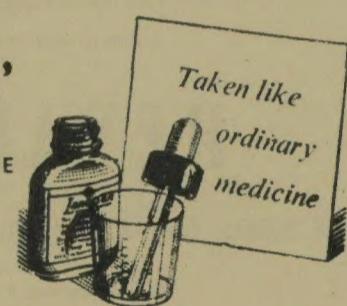
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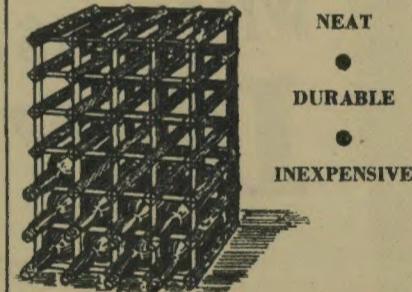
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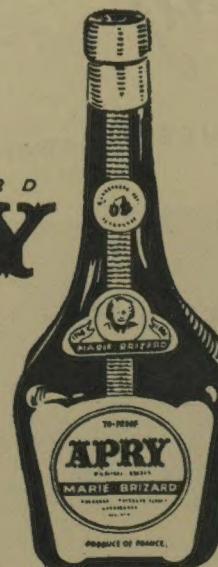
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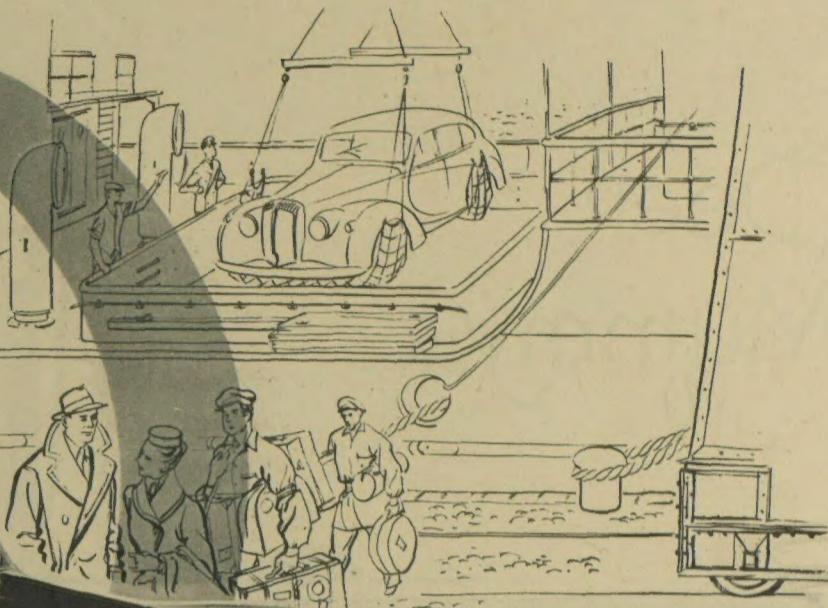
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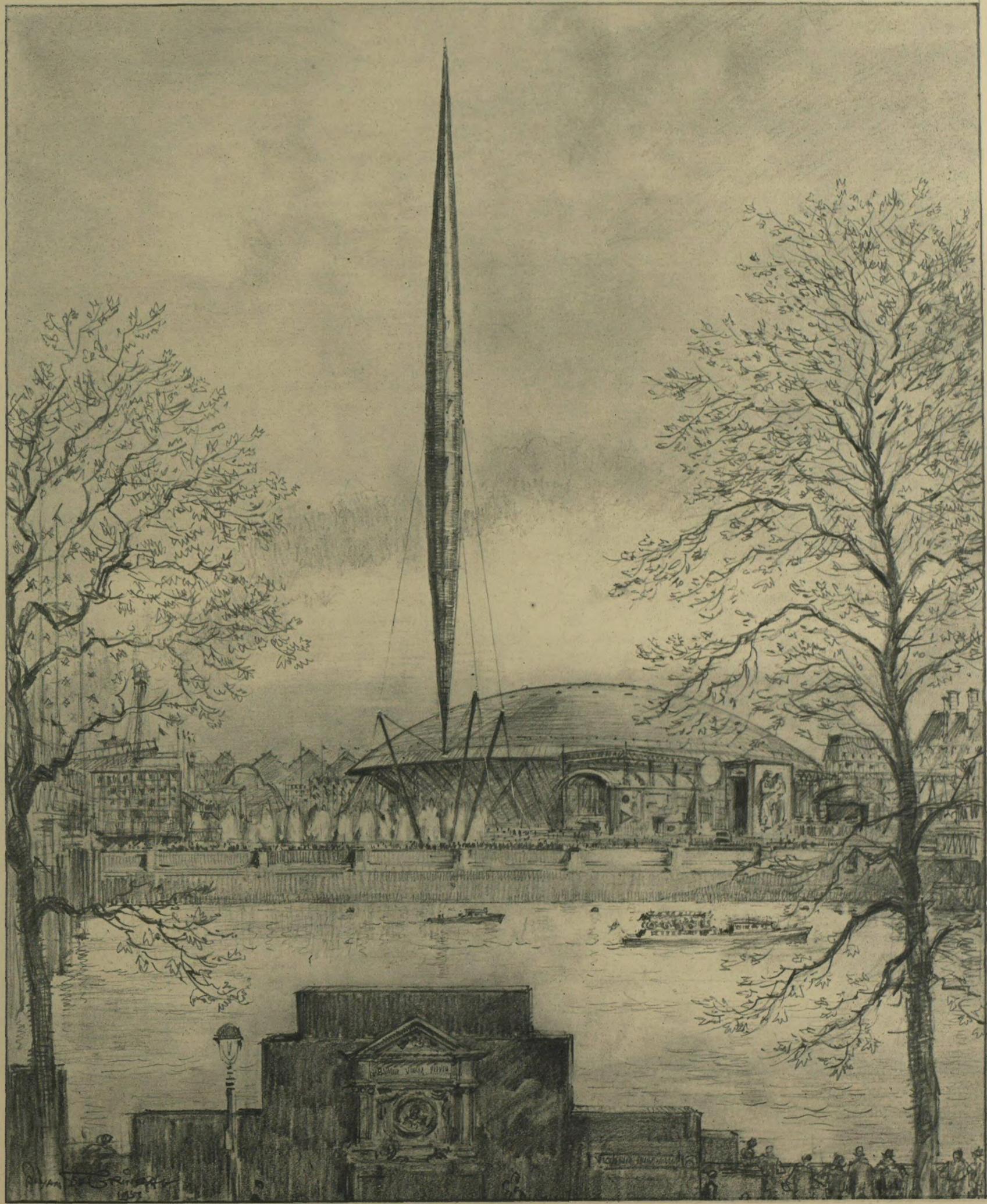
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SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1951.



THE GREAT FESTIVAL VISTA: THE VISITOR'S FIRST SIGHT OF THE SKYLON AND THE DOME AS HE MOUNTS THE STEPS TO THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE ON THE NORTH BANK, BY CHARING CROSS.

This is what the visitor sees as he leaves Charing Cross to walk over the Bailey Bridge into the crowded marvels of the South Bank Exhibition. The trees are bursting into green, the bridges and the Embankment are gay with flags, standards and festival symbols in many colours, many launches

are drawing up at the Nelson Pier (extreme right); and the architectural effect of the gleaming vertical Skylon and the huge Dome of Discovery is foreshortening and seems to bring the South Bank nearer and, as it were, to proffer the Exhibition to London and the visitor.



1. AN INTERESTING FEATURE OF THE EXHIBITION: THE SUSPENDED BOX-LIKE OFFICES FOR THE ADMINISTRATION STAFF WHICH SAVE VALUABLE GROUND SPACE.

2. BRITISH TRANSPORT ON SHOW AND IN USE: THE TRANSPORT PAVILION, WITH A BRITISH-BUILT ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE, A TRAIN, A BUS, A TRAM, AND A CHARING CROSS STATION.

3. TYNESHIRE COMES TO TOWN: A REPLICA OF A SHIP'S BOW ON THE STOCKS IN THE "SEA AND SHIPS" SECTION, NEAR THE ROYAL BANK EXHIBITION. 4. THE SPIRIT OF CARNIVAL AT THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION: A SCREEN OF GAILY-COLOURED GLOVES AT AN ENTRANCE TO THE SITE.

5. "THE ISLANDERS": A LARGE SCULPTURED GROUP BY SIEGFRIED CHAROUX SYMBOLISING BRITAIN'S AFFINITY WITH THE SEA, AND FACING OUT OVER THE RIVER.

6. A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE PAVILION AND THE FLOOR PAVING WHERE TRIBUTE IS PAID TO THOSE WHO BUILT THE BRITISH "WHEEL OF LIFE".

7. IN THE DOME OF DISCOVERY: THE 76-IN. TELESCOPE MADE IN BRITAIN FOR DELIVERY TO AUSTRALIA.

8. THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN EXHIBITION SITE AS IT NEARED COMPLETION: AN AERIAL VIEW SHOWING THE DOME OF DISCOVERY, THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, AND (IN DISTANCE) THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S.

THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN EXHIBITION ON THE SOUTH BANK: SOME ASPECTS OF THE PAVILIONS AND prominent features of the exhibition are the Skylon (illustrated on our front page); the Dome of Discovery; the Royal Festival Hall; and the Shot Tower. Appropriately enough, the Transport Pavilion is backed by Hungerford Bridge, across which trains pass on their way to Charing Cross Station. The most



9. A CURTAIN OF WATER AT THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION: FOUNTAINS PLAYING AT THE FOOT OF THE SKYLON IN A TEST BEFORE OPENING DAY.

10. NIGHT SCENE AT THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN EXHIBITION: THE ILLUMINATED SKYLON AND FLOODLIGHT BUILDINGS REFLECTED IN THE THAMES.

11. NEITHER MODERN STATUARY NOR GIANT MODELS OF INSECTS: AN EXHIBIT OF THREE OIL CURRENT BREAKER UNITS WHICH TOGETHER WEIGH SOME 45 TONS.

12. ANIMAL LIFE THROUGH THE AGES DEMONSTRATED BY LIGHTING AND ARRANGEMENT: SOME EXHIBITS IN THE NATURAL HISTORY SECTION—THE LARGEST DONE IN THE WORLD.

13. BRITISH ACHIEVEMENT IN THE AIR: THE AIRCRAFT EXHIBITION OF THE TRANSPORT PAVILION, WHERE FAMOUS AIRCRAFT AND ENGINES ARE ON SHOW.

14. BRITAIN ON SHOW AND BRITAIN AT WORK: THAMES TUGS AND BARGES PASSING THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL AND THE SHOT TOWER.

EXHIBITS WHICH WILL ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF THOUSANDS THROUGHOUT FESTIVAL YEAR.

shipbuilding section of the "Sea and Ships" Pavilion brings Tyneside to London, for one of the most impressive exhibits is the bow-frame of a 4000-ton merchant ship, illustrating one of the preliminary stages of ship-construction. Associated with the South Bank exhibition is an exhibition of Science at South Kensington;

an exhibition of Architecture at Poplar; and an exhibition of Books at the Victoria and Albert Museum (due to open to-day, May 5). During the exhibition the Festival ship *Campania*, a 16,000-ton escort carrier lent by the Admiralty, which has been temporarily converted, will put in at various ports round the coast.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

AN American correspondent—a complete stranger, but with one of those overflowing and generous American hearts that make the Atlantic seem a small river and which, happily for the world's promise, are, despite atom bombs, as plentiful in that great land as hot dogs—such an American sent me the other day a leading article from a famous Californian newspaper. It was a very forthright article and its writer and, presumably, the proprietor of the newspaper were ardent supporters of General MacArthur, or, what often apparently comes to the same thing and a great deal more, vehement critics of President Truman. And in the course of this article—and the process of banging the pulpit is often a dusty affair—the writer said some very hard things about Britain and the British. In fact, he as good as called us what an overheated member of the Labour Party, at the time of the Dunkirk Evacuation, is reported to have called Lord Gort: that is, the very last thing in the world that that valiant and invincible soul ever was. In other words, the newspaper, in the strength of its partisan feelings, struck out rather blindly. "They Finally Got the General," the article was entitled, and by "they" its writer made it clear he meant the skulking, timid foreign associates of the United States, the quitters, the faint-hearts; above all, the Limeys. "Nature and reason," the exposure began, "have been reversed, and the tail has wagged the dog. The most powerful nation in the world has listened to the mewlings of its impotent allies and has thrown in with the appeasers. Asia apparently will be surrendered to Communism and there will be dancing in the streets of London, Paris and Rome over the new peace—the new 'peace in our time.'" And a good deal more in the same vein.

My generous American correspondent felt in his indignation at this abuse of Britain that it would be a good thing if I replied to this article. It could only do harm in the United States, he wrote, for Britons to lie down under such insults. Though greatly touched by his attitude, I am not sure, however, that he is right. Nobody is likely to remember for very long what this eloquent Transatlantic Mr. Pott of Eatanswill (Cal.) has written against Britain, or, for that matter, what I may write in her defence. But thoughtful, free men, Americans as much as any, will still remember the Battle of Britain and its consequences centuries hence. To describe ten years after that event the people whom Churchill led and embodied as "mousey little creatures who squeak for a truce in the United Nations Assembly" may be fine writing, but it is unlikely to carry much weight as history. The British people, still living on short rations in their battered capital, a decade after the fateful summer when they scorned the triumphant Axis olive branch and, standing out alone for human liberty, uncomplainingly proffered their last drop of blood and treasure in a universal cause, might, in the face of such taunts, reply in the scathing words of Henri Quatre: "Hang yourself, brave Crillon; we fought at Arques and you were not there!"

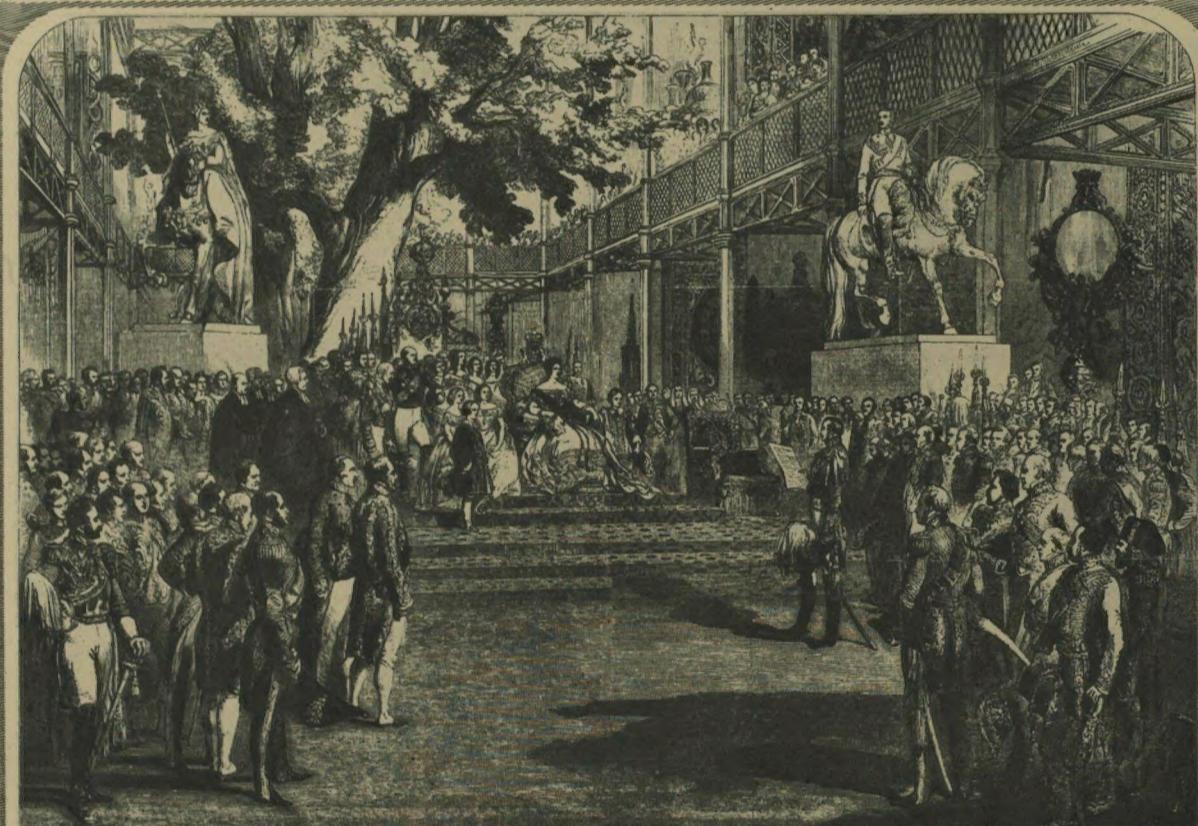
Such a reply would be unjust: as unjust as the charge which provoked it. The Americans fought just as bravely for mankind, and with their far greater numbers, even more effectively, when their time came, as the British did when they stood alone. The only things an American who is just—and more probably are in proportion to their population than in any other country—must give the British credit for, is that they did not wait, like their more numerous allies in 1941, to be attacked, and that they have paid, and are still paying, a heavier comparative price for their voluntary defence of freedom in two world wars than the Americans have yet had to pay. As the latter did in 1950, they took up the aggressor's challenge in defence of another, and at a time when that aggressor was not North Korea, but Nazi Germany in her full might. And they were just as unarmed and unready

when they made that chivalrous response to Goliath's threat as America was in 1950. To sneer at Britain as the arch-apeaser of Munich, now returning to its cowardly vomit before the shrine of Red Peking, suggests a curious lack of historical perspective. For within six months of the Munich Agreement, Britain, the appeaser, still led by Neville Chamberlain, the architect of appeasement, had flung herself, unprepared as she was, across the path of Hitler's march to the East. The guarantee to Poland in the spring of 1939 may have seemed political insanity—personally, I believe it was profound, if instinctive, political wisdom—but it was certainly both generous and heroic. The United States of America, for reasons which seemed good and sufficient to its people at the time, made no such gesture or sacrifice. Yet if it has been right for a great freedom-loving nation, regardless of the cost, to defend the frontiers of other nations against the aggressor in 1950—and it has been—it was equally right in 1939.

No: the British, like other peoples, have many faults. But they are not quitters, and no other people, on their comparative record, have any right to call them so. As a noble-minded and generous American—then Ambassador in London—wrote of them in the First World War: "They will spend all their treasure and give all their men, if need be. I have never seen such grim resolution. . . Utterly unwarlike, they outlast everybody else when war comes." In that war against German aggression they suffered casualties in proportion to their population five or six times greater than those suffered by the United States in the longer war that has just ended. And in that later war they sacrificed in the cause of human liberty the overseas investments without which in the years to come they could not hope to feed themselves. The cycle of world violence and disorder which began at the end of the century-long peace which Britain and her Navy kept from 1815 till 1914, is a continuing process which is not yet over; her part in defending the threatened dykes of civilisation since 1914

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: AN ILLUSTRATION AND QUOTATIONS FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF MAY 3, 1851.

THE OPENING OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.



THE INAUGURATION OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION BUILDING, BY HER MAJESTY, MAY 1, 1851.

"At length the great event to which the whole civilised world has been for the last eighteen months looking forward with mingled interest and curiosity—the opening of the Great Congress of Industry—has been accomplished, and with a pomp of circumstance and a solemnity of observance commensurate with the important social interest which, in its future results, it so deeply involves. On Thursday the 1st of May—the day fixed upon from the very outset for the purpose—the Crystal Palace of Industry in Hyde Park, was inaugurated by the Queen, accompanied by Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and many other branches of the Royal family, besides several foreign Princes, who had come over expressly to assist in the imposing ceremony. . . . In spite of all predictions to the contrary . . . in spite of unfriendly elements, and of some unpunctual contributors, the Building was ready, and furnished forth with the world's wares in time . . ." (Our illustration shows Queen Victoria seated in the Chair of State in the Crystal Palace surrounded by her children, and Court and State officials listening to an address read by Prince Albert.)

has so far involved much more sacrifice for her than it has for America. Those who have the responsibility of forming American public opinion—and because of America's size and wealth there is no greater responsibility in the world to-day—should remember this before they taunt the British for not doing more. In the peace and security of the Western American coast Korea may well seem to some the only storm centre in our troubled world, and, judged by such premises, an ally's work to be measured solely by the extent of its efforts there. This is looking at the globe through blinkers. Great Britain is faced by far greater and nearer dangers than any emanating from North Korea or even from semi-medieval China. She is the first-line of defence against the mightiest accumulation of military strength the world has yet seen, and that strength, it should be remembered, faces not eastwards across the Pacific, but westwards towards the far narrower Atlantic. If one thing can be predicted for certain, it is that, if war breaks out, the first atom bomb dropped will fall on London. The British would be doing no service either to America or the cause of human freedom if they ignored that compelling certainty. Those who are more sheltered by distance from harsh reality need have no fears that the consideration, whatever its cost, will prevent Britons from doing their duty when and if the time for final sacrifice comes. But they should not blame them for not precipitating a conflict which they well know, from their greater experience of past wars, will infinitely impoverish and torture, not only themselves, but all mankind. The British have long learnt that in such matters a cool head is as valuable as a stout heart, and they set store on both. It is a delusion—though one not, perhaps, unnatural in the bright, simple sunlight of Los Angeles—to suppose that a nation is yellow because it is not green.



PROCEEDING TO LUNCH WITH THE PROVOST AND FELLOWS OF KING'S COLLEGE : THE KING AND QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET CHEERED FROM CLARE COLLEGE.

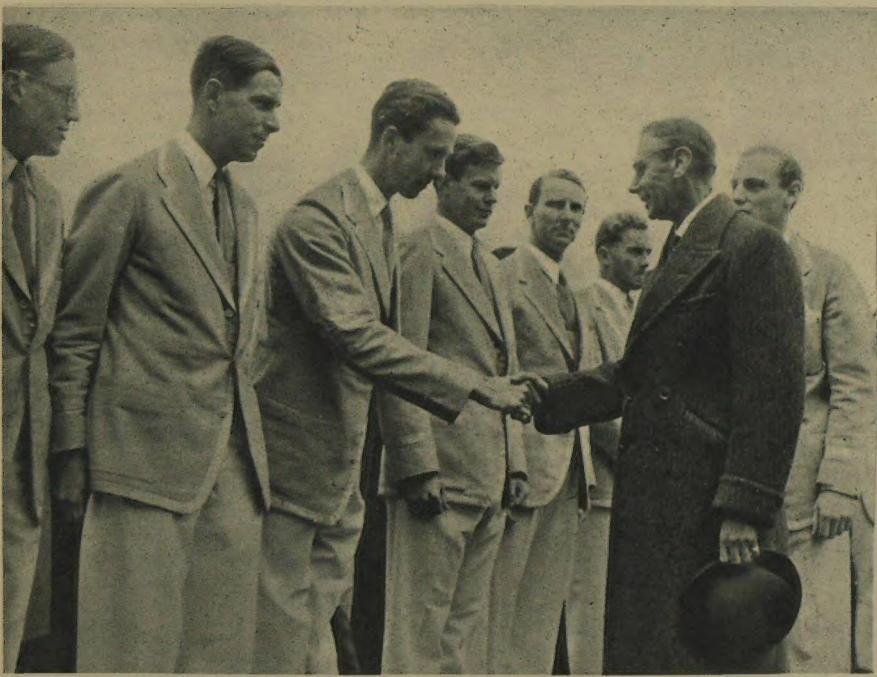


SHOWING MEMBERS OF THE PARTY CROSSING THE GREAT LAWN AFTER THE SERVICE IN KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL. THE ROYAL STANDARD FLIES ABOVE GIBBS BUILDING.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE CITY : ANCIENT GLORIES AND MODERN VICTORIES.



THE ROYAL PARTY LEAVING KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, AFTER THEIR VISIT OF INSPECTION : THE QUEEN AND THE PROVOST, SIR JOHN SHEPPARD ; THE KING WITH THE VICE-PROVOST, MR. D. H. BEVES ; AND (BEHIND) PRINCESS MARGARET WITH THE DEAN AND THE CHAPLAIN.



HIS MAJESTY CONGRATULATING THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT CREW : (L. TO R.) D. D. MACKLIN, J. C. P. CROWDEN, R. F. A. SHARPLEY (SHAKING HANDS WITH THE KING), E. J. WORLIDGE, W. A. D. WINDHAM, D. M. JENNENS AND (BEHIND THE KING) C. B. M. LLOYD.

The King and Queen and Princess Margaret visited Cambridge on April 27. On arrival at King's College, the Royal party was met by the Provost and Fellows, and after inspecting the Chapel, which has been restored to its full beauty, by the replacement of the stained-glass, they lunched with the Provost and Fellows and distinguished guests. The King, in a particularly happy speech, expressed his pleasure in coming to Cambridge within a month of its becoming a city to mark his satisfaction at being able to confer this high, but well-deserved honour on this ancient borough, and then spoke of his pride as an old Cambridge man in the added lustre which the present crew has brought to the reputation of the



THE QUEEN CONGRATULATING THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT CREW : HER MAJESTY SHAKING HANDS WITH DAVID JENNENS (STROKE) ; H. D. RICKETT (COACH) STANDS, WITH THE ROSE-BOWL PRESENTED TO THE CREW IN AMERICA, BETWEEN THEM. PRINCESS MARGARET IS ON THE RIGHT.

University Boat Club and to British oarsmanship by its recent victories in the United States. He also referred to the beauty of the Chapel, for the visit was, in a way, a delayed celebration of the quincentenary of the foundation of King's by Henry VI.—an anniversary which occurred in 1941. After lunch, the Royal party attended a service of thanksgiving in the Chapel. Later, the members of the victorious Cambridge crew were presented, and their Majesties saw the replica of the Paul Revere bowl given them in America.



MEN WHO FOUGHT A MAGNIFICENT ACTION IN RESISTING THE CHINESE OFFENSIVE: "C" AND "D" COMPANIES OF THE GLOUCESTERS, AFTER CAPTURING HILL 327.



WHILE SNOW STILL LINGERS IN THE HILLS AND HOLLOWES: A PATROL OF THE GLOUCESTERS MOVES THROUGH THE THIN BRUSH TO LOCATE ENEMY POSITIONS.



MEN WHO FOUGHT A HEROIC ACTION: THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT IN KOREA.



ADVANCING TO THE ATTACK ON HILL 327: A FILE OF GLOUCESTERS MOVE INTO ACTION SUPPORTED BY CENTURION TANKS, IN THE WESTERN SECTOR OF THE KOREAN FIGHTING



THE ATTACK ON HILL 327, WHICH WAS CAPTURED (SEE TOP-LEFT PHOTOGRAPH). GLOUCESTERS AND CENTURION TANKS MOVING UP.



BRITISH CENTURION TANKS MOVING UP NEAR THE IMJIN RIVER, THE SCENE OF THE FIERCE BATTLE IN WHICH THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT SO DISTINGUISHED ITSELF.

In resisting the suicidal Chinese offensive towards Seoul, the British Commonwealth 29th Brigade, and especially the battalion of The Gloucestershire Regiment, distinguished themselves in a heroic action. On the night of Sunday, April 22, the Chinese waded the shallow Imjin River, and the brunt of their assault fell on the Gloucesters. On the next day, the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, with the roses in their caps for St. George's Day, went to their assistance, but the Chinese cut a way between them, and for eighty hours the Gloucesters were cut off, surrounded and without food and water. The Chinese attacked all through

the Monday night, screaming, blowing bugles, ringing bells and clashing cymbals, but the Gloucesters fought back and gave not an inch of ground. Turks and Belgians joined in the action with great gallantry and, with other troops of the Brigade, fought the Communists to a standstill before withdrawing. The Gloucesters' losses are reported to be very heavy in an action which will add glory to the Regiment's long roll of battle honours.

THE BRITISH SOLDIER IN THE KOREAN LANDSCAPE: A SMALL PATROL OF THE GLOUCESTERS MOVES OUT THROUGH THE KOREAN BRUSH.



HEAVY SELF-PROPELLED ARTILLERY IN ACTION IN KOREA: A BATTERY OF U.S. 155-MM. GUNS OF A U.S. FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION IN ACTION AGAINST THE CHINESE.



A "LONG TOM" FIRES: ONE OF THE BATTERY SHOWN ABOVE AT THE MOMENT OF FIRING. THESE MAGNIFICENT SELF-PROPELLED GUNS HAVE A RANGE OF UP TO 14 MILES.

AMERICAN SELF-PROPELLED GUNS IN ACTION: "LONG TOMS" DELIVER A LONG-RANGE BOMBARDMENT IN KOREA.

These photographs show action pictures taken in Korea of one of the U.S. Army's most successful weapons, the M-40 self-propelled gun, which consists of a 155-mm. (about 6'1 ins.) gun mounted on an M-4 tank chassis. These weapons were used in Germany in the final drive across the Ruhr, and were the first American guns to fire into the city of Cologne. The examples shown are part of the U.S. 937th Field Artillery Battalion, mostly consisting of Arkansas National Guardsmen. America is very well equipped in this sphere

of artillery, possessing also, besides lighter S.P. guns, a self-propelled 240-mm. (9'44 ins.) howitzer, and a self-propelled 8-in. gun. The British Army have nothing to compare with these, our 7·2-in. gun being tractor drawn; and in the Italian and North European campaigns we had to borrow from the Americans both the 8-in. gun and the 240-mm. howitzer, each battery of these being equipped with a combined mobile crane and mechanical excavator, which enabled these heavy guns to come into action with surprising rapidity.

ENGLAND ON THE EVE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

"THE AGE OF CHARLES I."; By DAVID MATHEW.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

IT was a year or two before the outbreak of Hitler's War. I was in a remote hill-top inn in Buckinghamshire, moderately quenching a moderate thirst after a moderate walk, and looking out of a window at a little flower garden with a variety of butterflies fluttering about it, my mind being at peace with all the world. Thus might a man have felt, anywhere away from the centres and organs of controversy, in many an age in many a country.

There suddenly turned to me (it made so vivid an impression on me that I may even have recalled it on this page in some former year) a tall, tanned and wrinkled ploughman, whom I knew by sight but with whom I had never spoken. "Do you think there's going to be another war?" he asked. Withdrawing myself from my Arcadian dreams, I said that when Hitler was ready there would be. He relapsed into silence and then said: "About this 'ere 'istory, Sir." "Well, yes, what?" was my reply, or some such vague, puzzled phrase. "Well," said he, "all it seems to me is that every thirty years or so some energetic whatnot starts up and spoils the 'ole whatnot issue"—the reader may replace the "whatnots" at discretion. "How right you are," I replied; and thereafter relapsed into a contemplation of history as being a series of storms and lulls before the storms. If only a lull could last, thought I, and be world-wide, and mankind for once realise that prosperity in this life could be better achieved by tolerance, co-operation and gradual accumulation than by antipathy, revolution and destruction, how much less sorrowful we should be; and then went sadly away, remembering that the Deadly Sins are always alert to wage war against the Cardinal Virtues. And the wolves to lead sheep against other sheep led by wolves: "Wolf! wolf!" cry the wolves, and the sheep scramble to the defence. Thus were the Blues and the Greens, in ancient Byzantium, urged to wage war against each other: thus to-day, were there no distractions in Korea and elsewhere, would behave the supporters of the gladiatorial Soccer teams of Fulham and Chelsea (hardly any of the players coming from either borough), were orators to arise to persuade the credulous that their opponents were a menace. Somebody, in other words, will always start something: and the little cultivator will be dragged away to fight.

These trite reflections have been engendered in me by Archbishop Mathew's book about the "Age of Charles I." The early years of his reign were peaceful years: we had had none, perhaps, so peaceful since the Wars of the Roses, when rival princes and nobles and their retainers wandered about the country fighting their bloody tournaments, but Eton, King's and a great part of the parish churches in England were built, and the labourers prospered as never before, or perhaps since, and the wars mattered little more to the general population than the Table Tennis Championships do now. Here was another lull: his book, says he, is *inter alia*, "an examination of the state of England in the decade when the Court of King Charles and his Queen was the centre of authority until this was submerged on the outbreak of the conflict. The period of rule without recourse to Parliament has particular significance, in that it provides an indication both of the authority of the Crown and the influence of the example of the sovereign. In spite of the presence of those forces which would in time precipitate a conflict, the dominant impression of the period is one of peace: internal peace in the sense that, until the last years, opposition was not manifest, and external peace because the King could not go to war unless he was prepared to call a Parliament, which alone could vote supplies."

To men who were not zealots it must have seemed a sunny period. Mr. G. M. Young has said that "of all decades in our history, a wise man would choose the 1850's to be young in." By the same token the 1630's must have been a very good period for an Englishman to be old in. Yet underneath the seemly surface of things twin abscesses were growing. There was the Constitutional abscess which burst when John Hampden refused to pay taxes for the upkeep of the Navy and a small majority of the House of Commons

and a minority of the House of Lords took the field against the King; the upshot being the reign of a powerful despot, King in all save name, who built a very powerful Navy and drove the Commons out of their House by force—as a reminder of which there stands outside the House to-day a statue of Cromwell, presented by a Scot in all seeming solemnity, but surely meant as a jest at the expense of the English.

that the English had "ninety-nine religions and only one sauce." I won't go so far as to say that the Battle of Worcester signalled the triumph of its eponymous Worcestershire Sauce, but it certainly heralded the reign of multiple nonconformities, which had been seething under the surface of the attempted Laudian Settlement, and brought the aged Archbishop to the scaffold.

These things, as we are posterity, we know: and it is difficult for us to regard the earlier years as anything but a prelude to the Civil War, the Puritan dominance and the Restoration. The germs of these events are in Archbishop Mathew's book: but it is a book mainly about the way of life of the English people, all sections of them, under conditions which to most of them must have seemed stable. The agitators, whether against "tyranny" or "idolatry" (and "idolatry" was even applied to a bow to the altar by those who probably did not mind bowing to the Speaker's Chair), were a minority, and largely an urban and by no means proletarian minority. "It was seldom," writes Dr. Mathew, "the unlettered man who was possessed of that exaltation which came to those who pondered on Jehovah's vengeance and that immediate logical history, the Book of Kings. . . . As to the general outlook of the poor, a distinction must be made between town and country. We have an interesting view of one element among the countrymen in the minute accounts of the escape of King Charles II. after Worcester. In some parts of the countryside, for instance, in the Fylde, Catholicism was maintained throughout the whole of the population. There were few districts without those Catholic 'pockets' which were so characteristic of the West Midlands. In many counties there was a widespread acceptance of that Anglican spirit which had lately received such devotional expression. Throughout the rural areas, and in the new industrial villages and in the towns, the preaching element among the Puritans might gain adherents even among the very poorest. Yet surely the great majority of the artisans were hardly affected by the doctrinal question. The anti-Popish feeling of the London mob was in reality anti-foreign in its inspiration. Throughout England a concentration on their daily labour seems to have marked the crowds of unapprenticed workpeople in the cloth trades, and among the colliers and those who toiled in the iron and lead mines. This would equally apply to that great mute London proletariat, the shifting masses of unskilled workers in the building trades, the men who plied for boat-hire on the Thames, the huckney coachmen, the horde of grooms and servants and the linkmen, and all those hands in industry or commerce who had no enduring status. There is little evidence that these sections of the people had concern for the religious topic."

It is indeed refreshing in many parts of this miscellaneous survey to get away from controversy and into ordinary daily life in many spheres. How far we are from the conflicts when we read such an entry as this from the accounts of the antiquary, Lord William Howard of Naworth:

"To widdow Hetheron for finding honey vid
To W. Bowman's son for finding an earthen pot vs
To ij boys for getting yvie for the deer ivd
To Mr. Lowden's man bringing saxifrage vjd
To Jo. Lambert bringing cherries xjd
For drawing a pedigree, to Mr. Pryce is
To ij musicians at the gate xjd"

The ordinary general history has no room for things like that: yet it brings us nearer to the life of our

ancestors than any amount of writing about politics and war. Choosing a brief period, Dr. Mathew has space for a great variety of vivid detail about that vanished, overwhelmingly agricultural England, its mind and habits, with a great wealth of quotation from contemporaries. His comments are just, sometimes humorous, sometimes subtle, and he is acutely aware of shades of atmosphere. For instance: "The fear of publicity, which was to mark the national character, came slowly creeping on." A whole essay could be based on that.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 710 of this issue.



HENRIETTA MARIA, QUEEN OF CHARLES I., AND DAUGHTER OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE, 1609-1666.

From a painting ascribed to Gerard Honthorst in the National Portrait Gallery.



CHARLES I. AND SIR EDWARD WALKER.

From the painting by an unknown artist in the National Portrait Gallery.
Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Age of Charles I." by Courtesy of the publishers, Eyre and Spottiswoode.

And there was the religious abscess. One of the troubles about Revolutions is that they won't stop at an early stage: dissidence breeds dissidence, and the most violent usually, for a time, get on top. Henry VIII., who wrote a pamphlet against Luther, thought that he was discarding the Pope and retaining the dogmas: even his daughter Elizabeth objected to the marriage of priests; attempt after attempt was made to achieve a general conformity not Roman; but Private Judgment and the personal interpretation of the Scriptures having once been allowed, they spread like wildfire, and what had begun with the Brownists culminated in the Muggletonians. The Frenchman said

* "The Age of Charles I." By David Mathew. Illustrated. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 21s.)

CELEBRATING ITS CENTENARY: ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL, LEATHERHEAD.



THE HUB OF THE SCHOOL'S ACTIVITIES: A CORNER OF THE QUADRANGLE, SHOWING THE WAR MEMORIAL (LEFT), THE HALL (CENTRE) AND THE SURROUNDING CLOISTERS. ONLY PREFECTS ARE ALLOWED TO WALK ON THE PATHS OUTSIDE THE CLOISTERS.

This Festival year of 1951 marks the centenary of St. John's School, Leatherhead. The School was named from the fact that, in 1851, it was founded in St. John's Wood, London, as a choir school in connection with St. Mark's Church, to provide a means of first-class education for sons of clergymen of the Church of England. The School grew rapidly and was soon transferred to larger premises at Kilburn and, later, a further move was made to Clapton. Its final move was to Leatherhead,

Surrey, in 1872 and, since that date, many new buildings have been added. To-day there are some 320 boys in the School, but the object of the School remains the same as when it was founded 100 years ago—e.g., to provide boarding-school education for the sons of the clergy, some of whom receive assisted and, in exceptional cases, free education. On this and the two following pages we reproduce our Artist's impressions of St. John's School.



SIDELIGHTS ON ST. JOHN'S: (1) A COMPANY OF THE COMBINED CADET FORCE BEING LECTURED ON FIELD OPERATIONS; (2) THE MAIN GATEWAY TO THE SCHOOL; (3) MORNING PRAYERS IN CHAPEL. THE SERVICES ARE REGARDED AS SETTING THE THEME OF SCHOOL LIFE.

SCENES AND ACTIVITIES AT ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL, LEATHERHEAD, WHICH IS CELEBRATING ITS CENTENARY THIS YEAR.

St. John's School, Leatherhead, Surrey, stands in grounds of 38 acres. The School is divided into six Houses—five Boarding and one Day Boy House. There are cricket and Rugby football fields, six fives courts, a miniature rifle range and a large covered swimming-bath for use throughout the year. Cricket and Rugger are St. John's specialities in the field of sport, but they have also gained eminence in swimming and water polo. "Off-duty" activities include music, drama and a flourishing Mountaineering Club. Boys belonging to the latter

recently visited the Swiss Alps under the leadership of a master. The School has a very efficient Combined Cadet Force in which Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, Chairman of the School Council, takes a great interest. The School also has a troop of Boy Scouts. The scholastic work of St. John's is of a high standard; last year six open scholarships and exhibitions to universities were won, also three State scholarships and two others offered by the county. Also, out of seventy-two entrants for School Certificates, seventy-one passed.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



THE INTERIOR OF THE SCHOOL DINING-HALL: "TROLLEY BOYS" BUSY LAYING THE TABLES FOR TEA. THE PRESENT SPACIOUS DINING-HALL AND KITCHENS WERE BUILT IN 1898 AND PROVIDE ROOM FOR THE WHOLE SCHOOL TO SIT DOWN TO MEALS TOGETHER.



A JOY AND DELIGHT TO BOYS OF ALL AGES: THE VAST MINIATURE RAILWAY IN THE SCHOOL GROUNDS. THE CHAPEL CAN BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND. THE SCHOOL WAS GRANTED A ROYAL CHARTER OF INCORPORATION IN 1922.

FOUNDED 100 YEARS AGO: ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL, LEATHERHEAD—ASPECTS OF LIFE IN THE SCHOOL TO-DAY.

During this month St. John's School, Leatherhead, will be holding various celebrations in honour of its centenary. On May 8 H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, Patron of the School, has arranged to preside at a dinner at the Mansion House. On Sunday, May 13, Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, a strong supporter of the School and Chairman of the Council, is to broadcast on behalf of the School which is at present finding great difficulty in meeting its current expenditure. On May 31 a Ball has been arranged at

the Dorchester, Park Lane, London; the guests will be received by Lord and Lady Mountbatten and Lord Montgomery. The headmaster of St. John's is Mr. H. B. L. Wake, who took up his present position in January, 1948, after many years at Cheltenham College and a long spell of military service during World War II. Mr. Wake has twenty assistant masters on his staff. Mr. J. S. Carter, who was headmaster from 1932 until he went to Blundells in 1947, was the first layman to be headmaster of the School.

FAME may come to a man as much from his associations as from achievements. George Keith Elphinstone, Viscount Keith, was a competent, steady naval officer, but by no means entitled to a place among the greatest British admirals. Yet his name is familiar to many who do not go in for historical reading by reason both of the interest of the affairs in which he took part and of the men and women with whom he was at one time or another connected. By a curious coincidence, he first went to sea under the command of Captain John Jervis, later Admiral Lord St. Vincent, under whom, when himself a Vice-Admiral, he was to serve in the Mediterranean. His second wife was a daughter of Dr. Samuel Johnson's Mrs. Thrale. He commanded the highly successful expedition which captured the Cape of Good Hope in 1795, and took a most honourable part in the suppression of the tragic naval mutinies in 1797. He was Nelson's superior in the Mediterranean for a brief period, when Nelson was at his worst and most difficult. Keith treated that strange genius firmly and on the whole kindly, but has left one caustic picture of him and a bitterly amusing phrase about refusing to allow the Mediterranean Fleet to be commanded any longer by Lady Hamilton.

These were the events in my mind when I picked up the recently published volume of his papers, drawn from one of the biggest individual collections in this country and by the generosity of his descendants deposited in the National Maritime Museum.* From that stage I went on to reflect upon Keith's extraordinary connection and personal relations with Napoleon. Keith was in command of the Channel Fleet in 1815 when the *Bellerophon* carried the fallen Emperor to Plymouth, and was responsible for his safety until he sailed for St. Helena. This volume does not take us anything like as far as that, only to the beginning of 1802, in fact, but correspondence describing the scenes was published by Lord Kerry (later the sixth Lord Lansdowne) a quarter of a century ago in "The First Napoleon." Keith described his prisoner as "in perfect health, thick calves, thin ankles, clear eyes and a thin mouth—like as possible the picture." He was not a good hand at French names, and he calls Madame de Montholon "Madame Montaleaux." Little can he have imagined at that moment how intimate a link was shortly to be forged between him and "Bonny" or "Little Nap."

This link was created by the marriage of Margaret Mercer Elphinstone, Keith's only child by his first wife, to General Comte de Flahault, formerly *Aide-de-Camp-Général* to the Emperor. Flahault was for years the lover of Queen Hortense, daughter of Josephine and wife of Louis Bonaparte, which made her both the step-daughter and the sister-in-law of Napoleon. By her husband she was the mother of Napoleon III.; by Flahault the mother of the Comte de Morny. There was probably another curious connection with the great, since there is excellent reason for supposing that Flahault was the son of Talleyrand. The Comtesse de Flahault, who was in her own right Baroness Nairne, had a daughter Emily, to whom the title passed. Emily married the third Marquess of Lansdowne, who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer at the age of twenty-four. Their grandson was the fifth Marquess, the celebrated Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. A younger son of his bore the name of Mercer Nairne, and his son has become, owing to the death in action of his cousins, the present Marquess of Lansdowne. Surely this is a fascinating connection. I have always liked the story of Flahault objecting after dinner at his father-in-law's house to the bagpipes, as any good Frenchman would, and of the old butler whispering in his ear that he probably acquired his dislike of them at Waterloo; but I cannot guarantee its truth.

Keith's papers in the volume now before me are of high value from the point of view of the war against revolutionary and Consular France. They are in no sense comparable to the correspondence of Nelson, just as neither Keith's career nor his talents compare with his. Fortunate in many respects, not least in the receipt of prize money, which made him a very rich man, Keith was unlucky in others. He never commanded in a great action, though some hold that if he had been more enterprising he might have brought the French Admiral Bruix to battle when he entered the Mediterranean in 1799. His present editor, with material at his disposal which writers such as

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. ON READING THE KEITH PAPERS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Mahan did not possess, makes a better case for him in this affair. In the American War he had distinguished himself in secondary operations, but had missed the great events. He had done well at Toulon in 1793, and had applied experience gained in operations on the American coast to a little affair on land in which he gained a success with a combined British and Spanish force, Army officers professing themselves as surprised by the tactical skill of a naval man ashore. His conduct of the Cape expedition was highly praised and rewarded with a peerage. He missed a great chance at Genoa, when the Austrians

were strained and extraordinary. The landing was admirably carried out. It resembled those of modern times in its careful preparation and the precision with which the boats were loaded, handled and marshalled, rather than the haphazard affairs of the old wars. Abercromby had been in command during the landing in North Holland in 1799, and doubtless desired to avoid the muddle which there took place. In Aboukir Bay he was with Keith's aid successful in doing so; in fact, all went perfectly. Perhaps, however, we ought not to lavish too much praise upon Keith and Abercromby for their foresight. It was during the long period that the fleet lay in Marmarice Bay, on the coast of Asia Minor, that opportunity was given for the training of the boats' crews and of the troops for taking their places in the boats. Keith and Abercromby, however, did not go there for that purpose, but in order to obtain stores and horses from their Turkish allies. I doubt whether the training would have been carried out, anyhow on the scale which actually occurred, had it not been considered necessary to stay in Marmarice Bay for other reasons. At least the commanders took their opportunity.

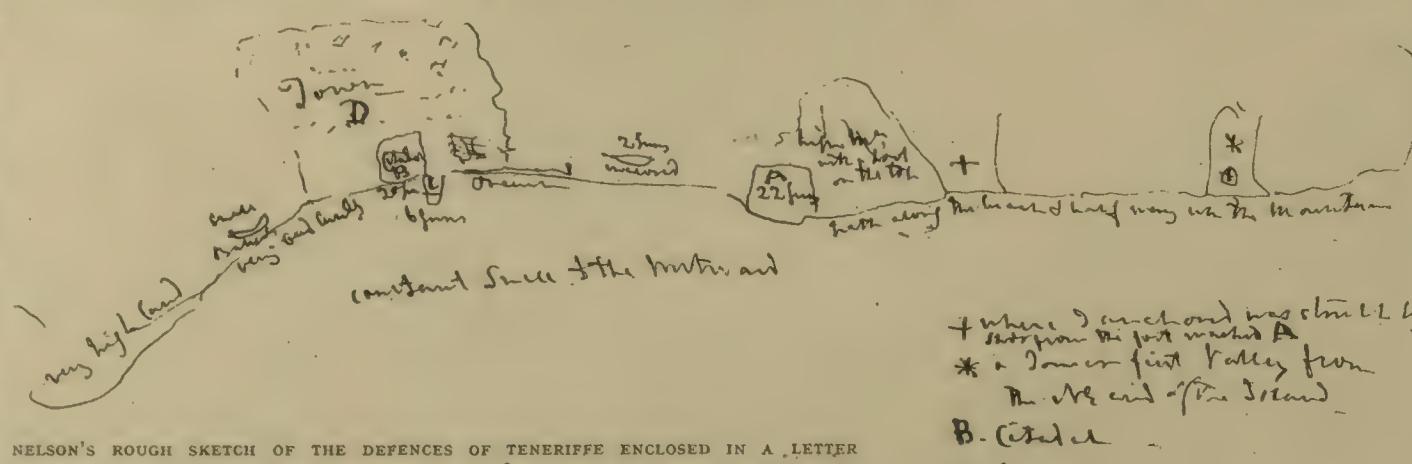
"As they approached the shore," Keith wrote to the Admiralty, "the excessive discharge of grapeshot and of musketry from behind the sandhills seemed to threaten them with destruction. . . . But the ardour of our officers and men was not to be damped. No moment of hesitation intervened. The beach was arrived at, a footing obtained, the troops advanced, and the enemy forced to relinquish all the advantageous positions which they had held. The boats returned without delay for the second division; and before the evening the whole Army, with few exceptions, was landed, with such articles of provisions and stores as required the most immediate attention." It was, indeed, a great feat of arms, in which the co-operation of the Navy and the Army reached a very high standard. Two curious firebrands, lacking in discipline but energetic in a crisis, Captains Sir Alexander Cochrane and Sir Sidney Smith, organised the disembarkation. Such was the first stroke in a campaign which ended in overwhelming success, a success due to the men on the spot rather than to the Government, which had set them a task in which, on a reasoned military appreciation, it would have been found almost impossible for them to succeed.

The dreadful situation in which Keith found himself in May, 1799, is described in this extract from a letter to his sister. He was blockading, with only fifteen ships of the line, a Spanish fleet of twenty-four in the harbour of Cadiz, when the French fleet under Bruix appeared. Keith writes: "33 of the enemy formed to windward. I kept between them and the Spanish ships with my poor 15. They declined the battle, unequal as it appeared, and to-day I see nothing of them." A week later he writes from Gibraltar: "The French have a great game before them if they

play it well, but their late conduct leads me to doubt it. Had they pushed their fortune I was gone to a certainty." Fortunately for him, the Spaniards could not get out in the teeth of a strong westerly wind, and the French shirked the attack on a lee shore—but then, Keith himself was on a lee shore, and every disabled ship would have been blown to perdition or into the hands of the Spaniards. He was



PORTRAIT OF ADMIRAL LORD KEITH (1746-1823) FROM AN ENGRAVING BY S. W. REYNOLDS AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY HOPPNER AT WINDSOR CASTLE PAINTED IN 1799.



NELSON'S ROUGH SKETCH OF THE DEFENCES OF TENERIFFE ENCLOSED IN A LETTER TO LORD KEITH, UNDATED BUT PROBABLY MAY, 1800. THE KEY READS: (A) TOWER FIRST VALLEY FROM THE N.E. END OF THE ISLAND. (B) CITADEL. (C) MOLE. (D) TOWN OPEN AT THE BACK.

Nelson's letter read: "My dear Lord, From the N.E. end of Teneriffe about 7 or 8 miles is a valley in which are a few fishermen's houses. The place is defended by a tower on which are two guns. The tower may be about 30 ft. high. About two miles more to the westward is another valley, where I anchored the squadron in 13 fathoms. It is long gun shot from the large fort on the N.E. side of the Bay of Santa Cruz, but I am told guns are now placed on the hills that ships cannot anchor there. On the west side of the town is no anchorage and generally a very heavy swell setting on shore, and calm under the high land. My order for landing when intended as a surprise was on the beach between the town and the fort on the N.E. side, and to storm this fort, which would give at this season safe anchorage to where I anchored was struck by shot from the fort marked A * a tower first valley from the N.E. end of the Island.

B. Citadel

C. Mole

D. Town open at the back

lost it after capturing it from the French in the Marengo campaign; but that was not his fault, because there were no British troops on the spot in time to hold it.

After Genoa had been secured by the French, Keith sailed with an expedition against Cadiz, and here he assuredly did not distinguish himself. The troops were under the command of Abercromby, who also found it hard to make up his mind, as was not uncommon in his case. While the troops waited aboard, or actually in the boats, the naval and military commanders wrangled about the Navy's responsibility for keeping touch with the Army after it had been landed. Keith said, fairly enough, that he could not guarantee the weather; but John Moore, who was present, declares that the Admiral had first of all said he would anchor and then talked of inability to maintain contact with the troops in hard weather. Moore is very severe on Keith in his comments. At all events, the expedition sailed away without the troops having been put ashore. However the responsibility is to be shared out between Government, Admiral, and General, the business was a complete fiasco, and one of a whole series which had recently occurred in amphibious operations.

Better things were to come. Keith's command of the naval side of the Egyptian expedition cannot be criticised, except that his relations with his captains

right in his supposition that Bruix was not the man to play the great game which was in his hands when he entered the Mediterranean. He threw away his opportunities until none were left, and then was lucky to get out without being brought to action.

We do not get very near to Keith in his correspondence in the sense that we get near to Nelson; but Nelson is Nelson down to the crossing of the last "t" in his letters, whether they mean what they say or are written with tongue in cheek to piratical Beys on the North African coast. At least, if Keith is a lesser man than St. Vincent, another leading authority on this period, he is a better writer. Keith's verdict on St. Vincent, by the way, is racy for him, and might almost stand as an epitaph on that wonderful figure: "He is certainly a great officer, but odd." St. Vincent's verdict on him shows his prejudice against Scottish naval officers and is an amusing backhander: "You will never find an officer, native of that country, figure in supreme command; they are only fit for drudgery. Lord Keith is by far the best I ever met with by land or sea." These words read queerly in the day of Lord Cunningham of Hyndhope. Yet, even though St. Vincent traduced Scottish admirals, and though Keith did figure in supreme command, he was not quite in the first flight.

MOPPING-UP OPERATIONS IN INDO-CHINA: SCENES OF MILITARY ACTIVITY BY LAND AND WATER.



ON THE CHALK RANGE OF DONGTRIEU: ONE OF THE STRONGLY-HELD OUTLYING FORTS WHICH HELPED THE FRENCH TROOPS TO REPEL THE SUCCESSIVE WAVES OF COMMUNIST TROOPS IN THE OFFENSIVE TOWARDS MAO-KHE.



PARADING BEFORE THEIR C.O.: SENECALESE RIFLEMEN AT THE NOM-MOI POST NORTH OF VINH-YEN. THE SPIKED TROLLEYS ARE USED TO BLOCK THE OPENINGS IN THE OUTER DEFENCES.



BOMBING COMMUNIST VILLAGES IN THE TONGKIN DELTA: A VIEW DURING A RAID BY MARTIN (B.26) MARAUDERS.



RENDERING INVALUABLE SERVICES IN COCHIN-CHINA: ARMED MOTOR-BOATS MANNED BY FRENCH DRAGOONS.



CAPTURED BY A MOTOR-BOAT PATROL: TWO VIETMINH COMMUNISTS WHO WERE HIDING ON A MUDDY RIVER BANK.



PUTTING UP A SERIES OF BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS TO ENCIRCLE A BLOCKHOUSE: VIETNAM TROOPS WORKING ON A FORTIFIED POSITION AT HAIPHONG.



DEFENDING THE ROAD AND THE RAILWAY FROM HANOI TO HAIPHONG: A VIETNAM SOLDIER USING AN OLD TANK TURRET AS COVER.

At the time of writing, the latest official report on the operations in the Red River delta, where the Communist Vietminh launched their expected attack at the end of March against the French and Vietnamese forces, states that mopping-up by the defenders is proceeding "actively." The French and Vietnamese troops recently suspended their military activities in order to help the population to resettle villages they abandoned during the fighting. The arrest of Nguyen

Van-thi, the Vietminh Commander-in-Chief in the Saigon-Cholon area, has been officially confirmed. Actions against Communist-occupied villages—similar to the one shown in our last issue, dated April 28—are continuing, and the prisoners taken have included several important rebel leaders. Stocks of ammunition and food have also been captured. When the May rains start, serious fighting is unlikely until October.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

A COOT IN DIFFICULTY.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

intelligence is the ability to recognise a new situation and speedily to adapt the behaviour to meet it. There are three complementary means of assessing intelligence.

We can make observation of the natural behaviour. We can use experimental tests. And we can examine the structure of the brain. The second of these has not, so far as I am aware, been applied to the coot. As to the first, there is little on record, except for the protective measures already described. It is therefore worth putting on record, perhaps, an incident which occurred recently. But first it may be recalled that the coot is an excellent swimmer and diver, and on land it is a strong walker or runner, though not

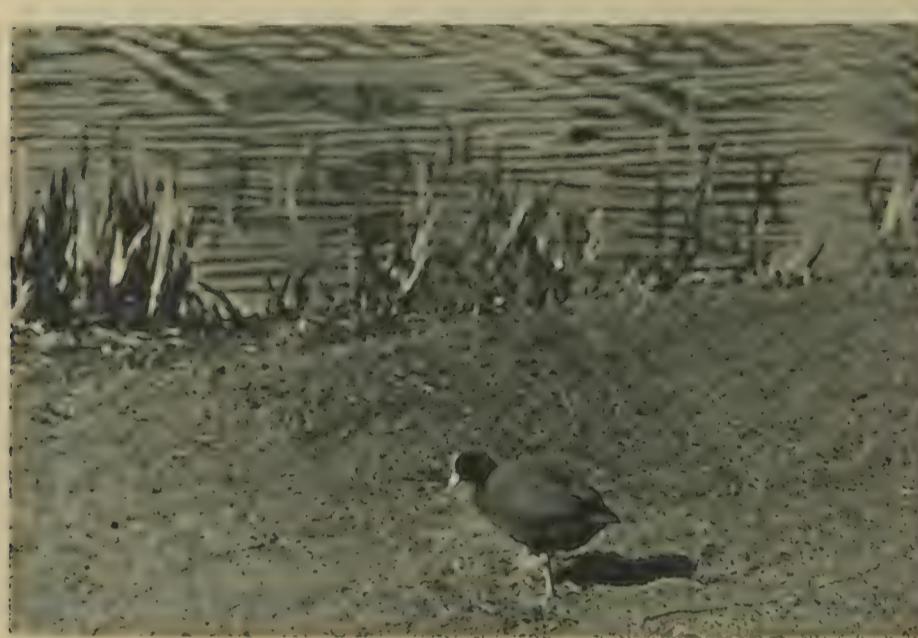
stretching and striving the bill failed to reach the bread. In the process, the bird nearly overbalanced backwards. Bringing the head quickly to the front again, the bodily equilibrium was restored and gently the coot tried again.

This time the head was lowered and brought, by a sort of underarm movement to the rear of the body. Again the tip of the bill failed to touch the bread by about an inch. The coot swung his head again to the front and stood, so it seemed, nonplussed. Then, after what appeared to be a moment's contemplation, he deliberately and solidly took one pace backwards. So far so good, except that the two large feet came to rest awkwardly and squarely on the large piece of bread, almost obscuring it. In this position, the bird pecked for several minutes assiduously all round the margin of the bread protruding beyond his toes. No attempt was made to take another step backwards to expose more of the bread, and having satisfied himself that the utmost had been extracted from the exposed margins, the coot strode majestically, if awkwardly, away, and proceeded to feed energetically on the tender grass blades within a yard of the now flattened and very conspicuous piece of bread.

The whole behaviour suggested the utmost stupidity and within the terms of my definition manifested no shred of intelligence. For example, coot feed mainly on water-plants or grass, with about 15 per cent. of animal food, water-snails, worms, insects and fish-eggs. Sometimes fish are taken, and more rarely the eggs of the great crested grebe, or young ducklings. Practically all their food is therefore static, or nearly so, and all is taken from in front. With food planted directly astern, the bird could recognise a new situation but seemed incapable of taking the appropriate action to meet it.

Perhaps it is hardly fair to judge a bird on a single incident, so it seemed worth while to apply the third test, to make an anatomical examination, in this case of a coot's skull. The head of the bird is already relatively small, as compared with the body, and the skull it encloses is made up, in addition to the bones of the bill, very largely of the bony orbits, leaving a very small part for the cranium. If now, for the small brain this cranium encloses, we allow that a major part must of necessity be devoted to controlling the large body, there can be but a very small part of it left for controlling any mental processes.

It is often argued that insects can have no intelligence, because of the small size of the brain, but relatively a coot has not such a marked superiority



TAKING READILY TO LIFE IN PARK LAKES AND JOINING WITH OTHER BIRDS IN ACCEPTING FOOD FROM VISITORS: A COOT IN ST. JAMES'S PARK, LONDON.

The coot is readily recognised by its black plumage and strongly-contrasting white bill and head shield. On land its strong legs and large feet prove comparatively awkward.

me, curious as it seems, a thrill to discover that it was truly wild. No doubt the uniform black plumage, with the contrasting white bill and frontal shield, gave an appearance of artificiality which was somehow linked with the quality of being foreign. Then, too, unlike its smaller relative, the moorhen, it prefers the larger stretches of water, such as lakes and reservoirs. Its habit of swimming in fairly tight, quiescent groups also helped the delusion; but, above all, it never seemed to do anything, so unlike one's normal conception of birds. Finally, and perhaps the strongest reason of all for my mistake, I knew it for many years as part of the lake fauna of a park before being aware of it out in the wild. But that was all years ago.

My early impressions of a quiet, inoffensive bird that does not do anything, have subsequently been proved wrong, partly from my own observation and partly from reading of the observations of others. Coot seem to be decidedly quarrelsome and aggressive. They will fight furiously between themselves, striking out with both feet and wings and appearing to sit on their tails on the water to do so. And wherever the territories of coot and moorhen overlap, the smaller moorhen are subjected to a fair amount of bullying by the larger, heavier coot. While these habits are to be deplored, one cannot help admiring, on the other hand, their methods of defence against larger opponents. It has been recorded, for example, how, on the approach of a sea-eagle, groups of coot will pack into a dense mass, so confusing the enemy and making it difficult for any one member of the group to be singled out for capture. Even this communal display is surpassed when, as sometimes happens, so we read, the members of the flock throw up a shower of spray with their feet as the enemy stoops. Surely the earliest form of anti-aircraft barrage.

Such behaviour suggests at once an intelligent approach to life's problems, and it is always stimulating to speculate on the mental capacities of a given species of animal. Incidentally, also, the coot offers us an opportunity to judge between a truly intelligent behaviour and the mere working of an innate behaviour pattern. It is a common error, and one to which we can all be readily prone, to witness a piece of behaviour and to see in it a show of cleverness, or intelligence. And we are apt to be impatient of the more precise zoologist who explains this seeming cleverness as the mechanical expression of an inherited pattern of behaviour.

No doubt there is more than one definition of intelligence, but a satisfactory definition is that



COMPOSED, IN ADDITION TO THE BONES OF THE BILL, VERY LARGELY OF THE BONY ORBITS, LEAVING A VERY SMALL PART FOR THE CRANUM: THE SKULL OF A COOT, WHICH ENCLOSES A SMALL BRAIN, THE MAJOR PART OF WHICH IS DEVOTED TO CONTROLLING THE LARGE BODY.

noticeably nimble. Its legs are long and strong, its feet large, and the long toes are flattened and lobed on each side to give excellent paddles for swimming, though producing an apparently awkward gait on land.

It was in St. James's Park. Two people were feeding the birds assembled on the grass margin of the lake. Gulls, pigeons, ducks and the inevitable sparrow were there to accept the fragments of bread. Also, one coot, who readily took what his more nimble competitors did not immediately seize. Suddenly, an extra-large piece of bread landed on the ground immediately behind his feet. At first he attempted to reach it by bringing his head up and overin a curve until by a contortion the bill was directed downwards and towards the bread, but in spite of

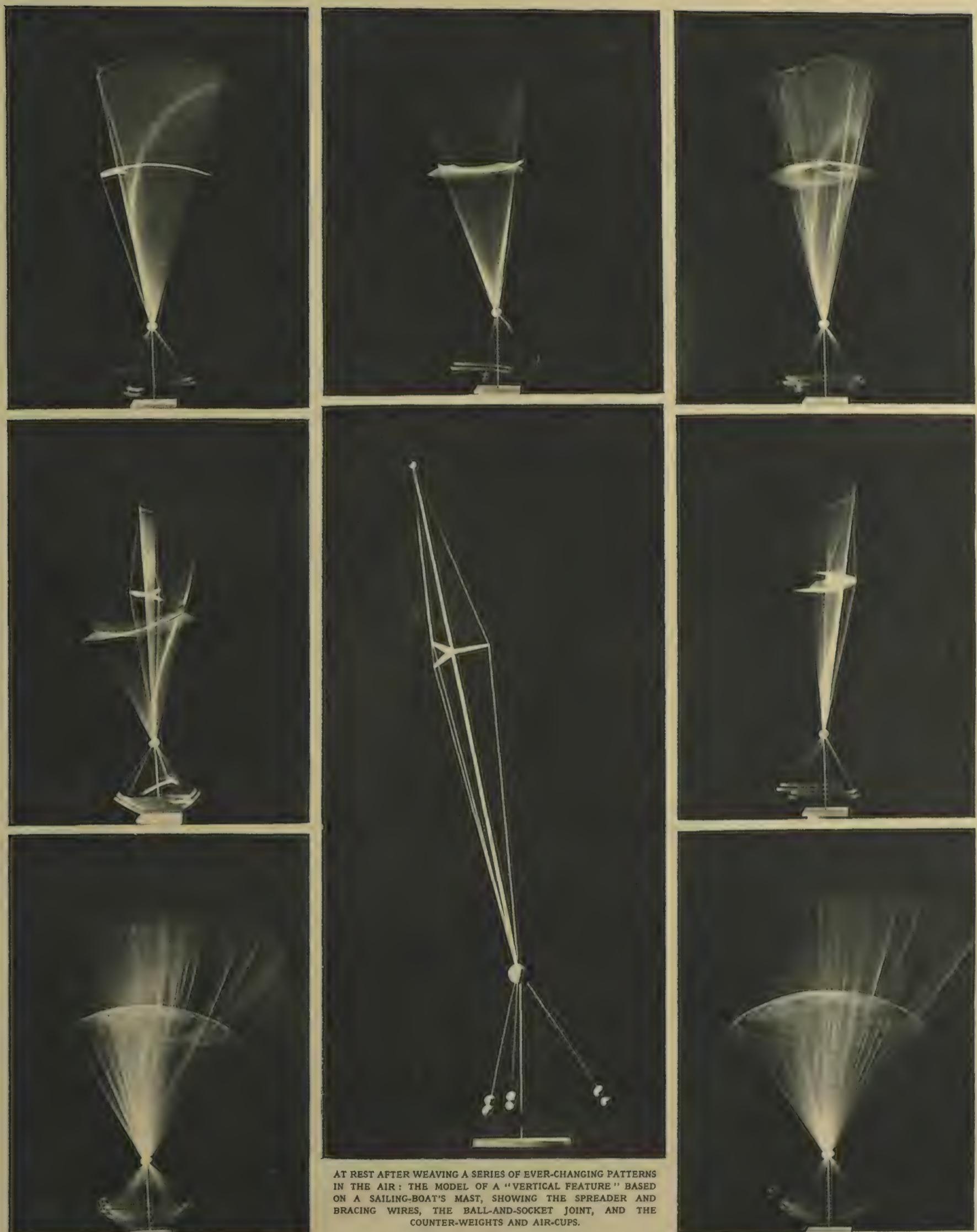


UNLIKE THE MOORHEN, A CLOSE RELATIVE, A BIRD OF THE LARGE OPEN WATERS, LAKES, MERES AND RESERVOIRS, PROVIDING SOME WATERSIDE PLANTS ARE AVAILABLE FOR NESTING SITES: THE COOT (*FULICA ATRÀ*).

The feet of the coot are not webbed but the toes are expanded laterally to form paddles, the edges of each toe having what is usually described as a scalloped outline. With their aid the coot is able to swim and dive efficiently. The coot's food is mainly water-plants and grass, with a little animal food included.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

over the best-equipped insects. It seems, therefore, that we must accept the apparently intelligent use of the water-barrage against a stooping foe as evidence of an innate behaviour pattern and no more.

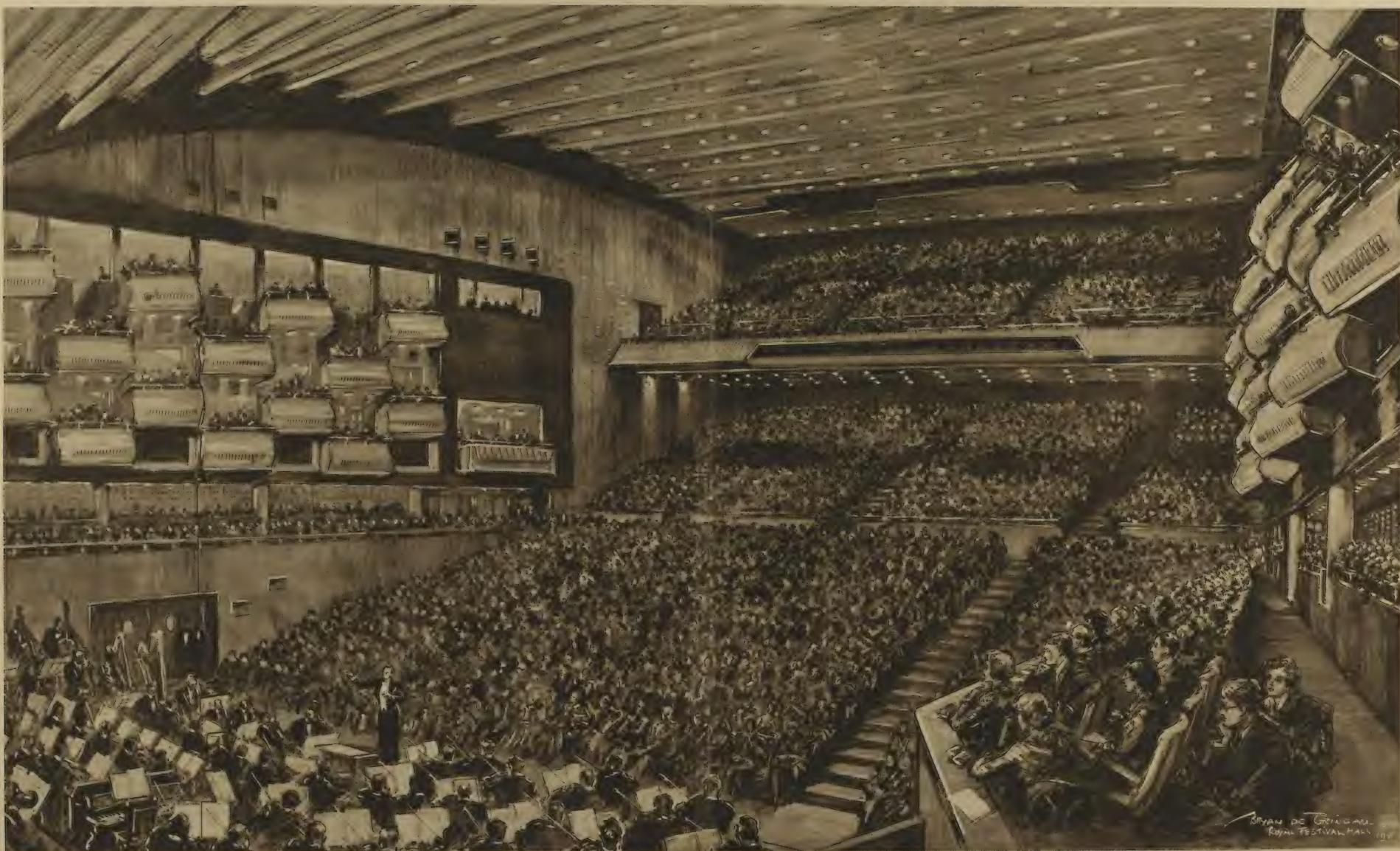


AT REST AFTER WEAVING A SERIES OF EVER-CHANGING PATTERNS IN THE AIR: THE MODEL OF A "VERTICAL FEATURE" BASED ON A SAILING-BOAT'S MAST, SHOWING THE SPREADER AND BRACING WIRES, THE BALL-AND-SOCKET JOINT, AND THE COUNTER-WEIGHTS AND AIR-CUPS.

A MECHANICAL GALATEA—OR THE "DOODLE" THAT CAME TO LIFE: THE MODEL OF A "VERTICAL FEATURE," INSPIRED BY IDLE SKETCHES OF A BOAT'S MAST, IN THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR SEEN IN MOVEMENT AND AT REST.

A feature of the Shell-Mex Company's exhibit at the British Industries Fair (London and Birmingham, from April 30 to May 11) is a 35-ft.-high pole of duraluminium tubing, balanced on a ball-and-socket joint and counter-weighted with hollow bronze balls filled with lead shot. Its silent, varied motion is maintained by jets of air from an electric blower aimed at the semi-spherical cups at the end of each of the counter-weighted arms. The fascination of this "vertical feature" for engineers lies in its ability to weave unpredictable patterns—the pole sometimes rolls round its vertical axis, sometimes weaves back and forth, in one plane, and never quite repeats itself. The pole cannot fall over, because the farther it leans, the greater are the counter-stresses that come

into play to pull it back. To the onlooker the pole has something of the beauty of a swooping bird, a tree swaying in a high wind—pleasing because of its simplicity and its ever-changing motion. The designer, Mr. Gordon Andrews, found himself drawing the pole on the side of his blotter one day when he was thinking what a beautiful thing a sailing-boat's mast is, and its possibilities so excited his imagination that he went out immediately to buy wire, lead fishing sinkers and a wooden bead to see if the pole would perform as entertainingly as he thought it would. The resulting model, which we illustrate in motion and at rest on this page, was the prototype of the pole now to be seen at the British Industries Fair and is, indeed a "doodle" come to life.



A PERMANENT MEMORIAL OF THE 1951 EXHIBITION: THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, WHICH H.M. THE KING ARRANGED TO OPEN ON MAY 3.—AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE INTERIOR.

The great Royal Festival Hall will be a magnet to lovers of music and the ballet throughout the London season. It is the only permanent building on the South Bank Festival site, and is nearly half as large again as Covent Garden. Their Majesties the King and Queen arranged to be present at the ceremonial opening on Thursday, May 3, when the King was to unveil a commemorative tablet.

According to the arrangements at the time of writing, a short Service of Dedication, in which the combined choirs of St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey and The Chapel Royal were to take part, was to be followed by a programme of British choral-orchestral music, given by a special chorus and orchestra, as representative as possible of the leading London choral and orchestral bodies,

under the direction of Sir Adrian Boult and Sir Malcolm Sargent. An inaugural week of concerts, arranged by the L.C.C., will be followed by a full programme of Festival concerts, ballet, song recitals and light orchestras throughout the summer and autumn. A season of ballet from July 26 to September 1 will be presented by International Ballet, who are planning imaginative productions of both new and

familiar ballets in settings devised specially for the hall. During the ballet season a specially designed flat stage will be fitted over the orchestra area. We reproduce on these pages an impression by our Special Artist, Bryan de Grineau, of the interior of the Festival Hall during a concert. Tests which have been carried out in the hall confirmed that the acoustics are as perfect as modern science can ensure.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



"WHO WOULD TRUE VALOUR SEE, LET HIM COME HITHER": PILGRIM (ARNOLD MATTERS) CEREMONIALLY ARMED FOR HIS JOURNEY TO THE CELESTIAL CITY.

A BRITISH MUSICAL WORK AT COVENT GARDEN: VAUGHAN WILLIAMS' "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."



THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS: PILGRIM (ARNOLD MATTERS) TOLD BY THE SHEPHERDS (JOHN CAMERON, WILLIAM MCALPINE AND NORMAN WALKER) THAT HE MUST CROSS THE DEEP RIVER.

DR. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS' "The Pilgrim's Progress," a morality founded on Bunyan's allegory, was produced at the Covent Garden Opera House on April 26, the week before the opening of the Festival. The veteran composer, most honoured British musician, wrote the episode of the Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains in 1922, but the remainder of the music was completed recently for the whole opera as it now stands; a work which forms a noble contribution to the Festival of Britain. Performances are due to be given to-night, May 5, and on May 30, June 14, 21 and 26. Mr. Leonard Hancock conducted, this being the first time he had conducted a major work on a great occasion. Mr. Arnold Matters sings superbly as Pilgrim, and the spirit of the Puritan allegory, as English as our native oak, has been captured by the fine music and production.

(RIGHT.)
VANITY FAIR: PILGRIM (ARNOLD MATTERS), OFFERED ALL THAT THE WORLD CONTAINS, CALLS OUT: "I BUY THE TRUTH": AND IS ARRESTED BY LORD HATEGOOD (RHYDDERCH DAVIES).



(ABOVE.) THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL: PILGRIM (ARNOLD MATTERS) KNEELS. BEHIND HIM, INTERPRETER (EDGAR EVANS) AND THE SHINING ONES (ADELE LEIGH, PATRICIA HOWARD, VERA HODDINOTT).

(RIGHT.) THE END OF THE JOURNEY: THE CHOIR OF ANGELS SINGS "ALLELUIA" TO WELCOME PILGRIM TO THE GOLDEN GATE OF THE CELESTIAL CITY.

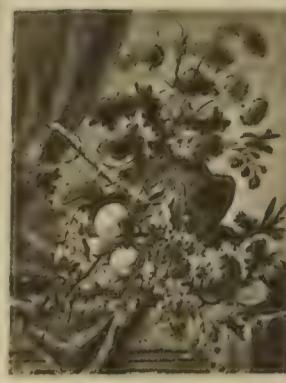




PAYING A FOUR-DAY STATE VISIT TO BRITAIN: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK, WHO ARE DUE TO ARRIVE ON MAY 8, SEEN WITH THEIR THREE DAUGHTERS.

King Frederik and Queen Ingrid of Denmark are due to arrive in Great Britain on May 8 on a State visit of four days. According to the present arrangements they will reach Dover Harbour aboard the Danish ship *Kronprinsesse Ingrid*. The Duke of Edinburgh will welcome the Royal visitors at Dover and will accompany them by train to London. The King and Queen are to be at Victoria Station, with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, and other members of the Royal family. A Sovereign's escort of the Household Cavalry will accompany the party on the drive from the station to Buckingham Palace, and a State Banquet has been arranged for the same evening. Other plans for the Danish Royal

visit include a visit to Windsor Castle with the King and Queen, and attendance at a Service of the Knights Companions of the Order of the Garter in St. George's Chapel. On the evening of May 9, King Frederik and Queen Ingrid are to entertain the King and Queen at dinner at the Danish Embassy in London. The Royal programme for May 10 includes a tour of the Festival of Britain Exhibition on the South Bank. Our happy, informal photograph of the King and Queen of Denmark in the Royal Palace at Copenhagen shows them with their three daughters, Princess Margrethe (left), who is eleven; Princess Anne-Marie (centre), who is four; and Princess Benedikte, who is seven.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

AS a climber, *Cobaea scandens* has many virtues. It's easy to raise from seed and easy to grow. It climbs at a terrific pace, produces great quantities of mildly

TWO USEFUL CLIMBERS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

I do not doubt, however, that some day it will turn up.

A sure index of the virtue of *Cobaea scandens* as an attractive and popular plant is that in years gone by little pot-grown specimens used to be sold on the street barrows. When a plant finds its way among the barrow-boys you may be sure that it has real worth and appeal of one kind or another, even if it

long. *Cobaea* is a climber, but not a self-clinger to flat surfaces. It must be given the support of strings, wires or trellis. But it is not a plant that I would put to clamber into a rose or any other climber that I valued. Its growth might prove too smothering.

Eccremocarpus scaber, on the other hand, is an

excellent mixer, and is far better climbing up into some living host than when given bare wires or trellis. The plant is a native of Chile—and of other South American countries for all I know. But it was in Chile that I met it, draping shrubs and small trees with festoons of orange tube flowers. *Eccremocarpus* is a perennial, and reasonably hardy in this country, though I doubt if it lives to any great age. If its life is short—four or five years, or perhaps rather more—it's a gay and merry life. Very easily raised from seed, it will grow up to 15 or 20 ft. in its first year and, given a climbing rose or a wall-trained forsythia as host-support, will rapidly form a light drapery of rather fern-like foliage, and panicles of orange blossom which come in succession during the best part of the summer. Great quantities of pod-like seed-vessels are produced, and these are packed with strangely beautiful little seeds. They are small discs, thin, smooth and silvery, each with a dark central spot, which is the actual seed. The rest of the disc is merely a wing for seed dispersal on the flying-saucer principle. There is a certain amount of variation in the tone of colour in *Eccremocarpus*, ranging from gold to rich orange. But beyond that I had never come upon any really outstanding difference until four years ago a neighbour gave me seeds of a form which was said to have carmine flowers. Rather to my surprise and greatly to my delight, they turned out true to description. Colour terms applied from memory are apt to be somewhat vague and elastic, but I should say that warm, strong carmine is a reasonably just description of this excellent form of *Eccremocarpus*, and the plant is every bit as free-growing and free-flowering as the orange type.

This good-natured climber should always be planted to grow into some living shrub over which it may drape itself in its own inimitable way;

and its host-plant need not necessarily be on a wall. It will do just as well on some shrub or small tree growing isolated in the open. And its habit of growth is so light and slender, and its foliage so fern-like, that it will not strangle, smother, or otherwise injure its host. Grown in this way it may serve one of two purposes. Grown on a shrub which flowers early in the season, it will give that shrub a second and a different crop of blossom, so to speak. On the other hand, it may be set to climb into a shrub which will flower at the same time. When this is done, there are many openings for fine colour schemes. The orange of *Eccremocarpus* with the purple of *Clematis jackmannii*, or the carmine of the colour variant with the creamy yellow of Rose "Mermaid"—and so forth. But always it must be allowed to ramble widely and at will. Trained to a pillar it clings to itself, and soon becomes a shapeless, tangled bundle.



CAPABLE OF CLIMBING 15 FT. IN A SINGLE SUMMER AND CONVERTING "A BLATANT ASBESTOS PRE-FAB GARAGE" INTO "AN IDYLLIC SUB-TROPICAL ARBOUR": *COBÆA SCANDENS*, A FINE CLIMBER, A GOOD TOWN PLANT, AND INVALUABLE "FOR RUNNING UP STRINGS FROM THE CORNERS OF WINDOW-BOXES AND FOR TRAINING ALONG BALCONY RAILINGS."

From a watercolour drawing by John Nash, R.A.

is not your particular fancy. And *Cobaea* was sold as small, slender youngsters running up little 2-ft. sticks with not a flower showing. Townfolk knew it, bought it, and grew it. I wonder if it has returned to the barrows. If it has not, it doubtless will before

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

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THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1951: OUR SELECTION OF NOTABLE EXHIBITS.



"CONVALESCENCE"; BY WILLIAM DRING, A.R.A. HE WAS OFFICIAL WAR ARTIST TO THE MINISTRY OF INFORMATION, THE ADMIRALTY AND AIR MINISTRY IN WORLD WAR II.



"ENGLISH VILLAGE, WINTER"; BY J. COSMO CLARK, M.C., A.R.A., WHO SERVED IN WORLD WAR I. IN THE MIDDLESEX REGIMENT AND WAS CHIEF CAMOUFLAGE OFFICER, MINISTRY OF HOME SECURITY, IN WORLD WAR II.

THE Royal Academy, 1951, opens to the public to-day, May 5, in the initial week of the Festival of Britain. On this and the following pages we give a selection of the works on view. The Royal Academy is an essentially British institution, and the pictures exhibited there always include a high proportion of landscapes of our beautiful country. Thus it may well take its place as one of the important attractions for visitors who have
[Continued below.]



"CONCORDES DES PÊCHEURS, PARIS"; BY CHARLES CUNDALL, R.A., A DELIGHTFUL PAINTING OF A SCENE FAMILIAR TO ALL VISITORS TO THE FRENCH CAPITAL.



"FRESHWATER BAY, ISLE OF WIGHT"; BY CHARLES M. GERE, R.A., WHO IS REPRESENTED IN THE TATE AND IN THE CHIEF PROVINCIAL GALLERIES.



"APOLLO AND DAPHNE"; BY W. G. DE GLEHN, R.A., ONE OF THE SENIOR OF THE ROYAL ACADEMICIANS. HE WAS BORN IN 1870.

Continued. come to our capital for the Festival of Britain. W. G. de Glehn has been a Royal Academician since 1932; J. Cosmo Clark, who served with distinction in World War I., was awarded the Royal Academy Gold Medal and

Travelling Scholarship in 1921. He was elected an A.R.A. in 1942. C. M. Gere worked at one time as a book illustrator with William Morris for the Kelmscott Press; and Charles Cundall has been an R.A. since 1944.



"DAWN"; BY DAME LAURA KNIGHT, R.A., A DISTINGUISHED PAINTER WHO IS ALSO SHOWING EXAMPLES OF CIRCUS- AND CARAVAN-LIFE SUBJECT PICTURES. SHE FIRST EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1903.

ROYAL ACADEMY PORTRAITS AND LANDSCAPES:
A SELECTION OF BURLINGTON HOUSE EXHIBITS.



"SUFFOLK WATERWAY"; BY THE LATE BERTRAM PRIESTMAN, R.A., WHO FIRST EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1889, AND WAS ELECTED R.A. IN 1923. HE IS REPRESENTED IN GALLERIES ALL OVER THE WORLD.



"SEVILLE CHORUS GIRL"; BY SIR GERALD KELLY, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY. HE WAS BORN IN 1879, ELECTED AN A.R.A. IN 1922, AND AN R.A. IN 1930.



"H.R.H. THE PRINCESS MARGARET"; BY T. C. DUGDALE, R.A., A MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART, WHO HAS BEEN AN ACADEMICIAN SINCE 1943.



"THE WHITE FAN"; BY DAME LAURA KNIGHT, R.A. ONE OF THE SMALL COMPANY OF WOMEN ROYAL ACADEMICIANS, SHE HAS A BRILLIANT AND VIGOROUS STYLE.



"KIRKHAM ABBEY, ON THE DERWENT"; BY RICHARD EURICH, A.R.A. HE WAS OFFICIAL WAR ARTIST, 1941-45. HIS PAINTING OF DUNKIRK BEACH 1940 WAS PURCHASED FOR THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT.



"THE FERRY BOAT"; BY RICHARD EURICH, A.R.A. BORN IN 1903, HE STUDIED AT THE BRADFORD SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS, AND THE SLADE.

The English school of painting has, in the past, reached its highest expression in landscape and portraiture, and thus it is natural that the largest number of works on view, as a rule, in the annual Royal Academy exhibitions at Burlington House should be portraits and landscapes. Sir Gerald Kelly, the President, is a leading portrait painter, and Dame Laura Knight, one of the few women Royal Academician, is known for her landscapes, her subject pictures, usually of the

circus, caravan life or ballet scenes, and is also a portraitist. On this page we give a selection of landscapes and of portraits on view at the Royal Academy, 1951, which is due to open to the public to-day, May 5, after the Private View fixed for May 4. The Royal portraits include T. C. Dugdale's painting of Princess Margaret. Mr. Dugdale, one of our best known portrait painters, was awarded the silver medal *Salon des Artistes français*, 1921.

THIS YEAR'S ROYAL ACADEMY: WORKS BY THE PRESIDENT AND ACADEMICIANS.



"CAROL RAYE, BERNARD CLIFTON AND GRETCHEN FRANKLIN IN 'DEAR MISS PHŒBE'"; BY SIR W. RUSSELL FLINT, R.A. THE CHARACTERS REPRESENTED ARE PHŒBE, THE SERGEANT AND PATTY.



"ARGUMENT"; BY SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL FLINT, R.A., IN THE WELL-KNOWN MANNER OF THIS DISTINGUISHED PAINTER.



"THE WATER-CAN"; BY DAME LAURA KNIGHT, R.A. THIS VERY DISTINGUISHED WOMAN PAINTER HAS ALWAYS BEEN GREATLY ATTRACTED BY GYPSY AND CIRCUS SCENES.



"JANE LI"; BY SIR GERALD KELLY, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, THE LATEST OF HIS SERIES OF PORTRAITS REPRESENTING LADY KELLY.



"MRS. ROBERT ADEANE"; BY AUGUSTUS JOHN, O.M., R.A. A STRIKING PORTRAIT BY THE CELEBRATED PAINTER.



"LATE SUMMER, STOKE-BY-NAYLAND"; BY JOHN NASH, R.A., AN ARTIST CELEBRATED FOR HIS LANDSCAPES OF ENGLISH SCENERY. HE WAS ELECTED AN R.A. THIS YEAR.



"OUTSKIRTS OF THE OLD FOREST"; BY OLIVER HALL, R.A. HIS PAINTING OF SHAP MOORS WAS, IT MAY BE RECALLED, BOUGHT BY THE TATE UNDER THE CHANTREY BEQUEST.

Artists of Royal Academic rank have usually developed a strongly individual style which enables their paintings to be readily recognised by visitors, and they often remain faithful to the same sources of inspiration. Sir William Russell Flint, for instance, has always been attracted by Spain and by the theatre. One of the works he is exhibiting this year at the Royal Academy shows a scene from the Phoenix Theatre success, "Dear Miss Phoebe," a musical play based on

Sir James Barrie's comedy, "Quality Street." The President of the Royal Academy is showing, among a number of portraits, the latest in his well-known series of paintings of Lady Kelly, exhibited under the title of "Jane Li." Augustus John has been an R.A. since 1928. He was born in 1878. John Nash, elected R.A. this year, is a flower painter of distinction as well as a landscape artist. Reproductions of his flower studies appear occasionally on our Gardening page.

FROM THE FESTIVAL YEAR ROYAL ACADEMY:
YOUNG ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH SCENE.



(LEFT.) "VILLAGE BY THE RIVER, DULVERTON"; BY S. J. LAMORNA BIRCH, R.A., WHO BECAME AN A.R.A. IN 1926 AND A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN IN 1934. HE IS REPRESENTED BY WORKS IN PUBLIC GALLERIES HERE AND OVERSEAS.



(RIGHT.) "LONDON STREET"; BY CHARLES GINNER, C.B.E., A.R.A. HE WAS BORN IN FRANCE, STUDIED IN PARIS, AND SETTLED IN LONDON IN 1910. HE BECAME AN ASSOCIATE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1942.



"ESSEX LANDSCAPE"; BY ALGERNON NEWTON, R.A., THE DISTINGUISHED LANDSCAPE PAINTER WHOSE RECENT EXHIBITION AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES WAS ILLUSTRATED IN OUR ISSUE OF APRIL 14.



"THE ORCHARD"; BY WALTER THOMAS MONNINGTON, R.A., WHO WAS ELECTED A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN IN 1938. HE BECAME AN A.R.A. IN 1931. HE WAS A SLADE SCHOOL SCHOLAR.



"GILBERT GREY"; BY DOD PROCTOR, R.A. SHE IS THE WIDOW OF ERNEST PROCTOR, A.R.A., WHO DIED IN 1935.



"WYE VALLEY"; BY VIVIAN PITCHFORTH, A.R.A., WHO IS VISITING INSTRUCTOR TO THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART; ST. MARTIN'S, CAMBERWELL, AND CLAPHAM SCHOOLS OF ART.

The beauty of England, as seen by contemporary painters, is well displayed in this Festival Year Royal Academy, the 183rd exhibition, which was due to open to the public to-day, May 5. On this page we reproduce a selection of works by Academicians and Associates which are on view. Mrs. Dod Proctor, one of the small company of women Royal Academicians, was elected in 1942. Mr. Ginner, who was born in Cannes and studied in Paris, is represented in public galleries in

South Africa and Belfast as well as in this country. Mr. Algernon Newton is one of our most distinguished landscape painters, and is well known for his views of London. It will be remembered that in our issue of April 14 we reproduced a number of works exhibited in his recent show at the Leicester Galleries. Mr. Vivian Pitchforth, who became an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1942, was an official war artist of World War II.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



SIR FRANK SOSKICE, K.C.
The Ministerial changes announced on April 24 include the appointment of Sir Frank Soskice, Solicitor-General since 1945, to succeed Sir Hartley Shawcross as Attorney-General. He lost his seat in the General Election of 1950, but was returned to the House for Sheffield (Neepsend) in a by-election shortly after.

MR. A. L. UNGOED-THOMAS, K.C.
The appointment of Mr. A. L. Ungoed-Thomas, K.C., as Solicitor-General was announced on April 24. The King has approved that the honour of knighthood be conferred on him on this appointment. Mr. Ungoed-Thomas, who is the Labour Member for Leicester (North-East), was one of the British Delegation to the Council of Europe, 1949.

SIR H. SHAWCROSS, K.C.
It was announced on April 24 that the King had approved the appointment of Sir Hartley Shawcross, who has been Attorney-General since the present Labour Government came to power in 1945, to be President of the Board of Trade. He was Chief Prosecutor for the United Kingdom at the Nuremberg trials.

MR. RICHARD STOKES.
Mr. Stokes's appointment to be Lord Privy Seal was announced on April 27, and he will in addition be responsible for a department to be set up to deal with raw materials. He will also retain responsibility for arrangements with regard to the Festival of Britain. He was formerly Minister of Works.

MR. GEORGE BROWN.
It was announced on April 27 that Mr. George Brown, Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, had been appointed Minister of Works in succession to Mr. Richard Stokes, and that the King had also approved that he be sworn of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council on his appointment to this post.

MR. ALFRED ROBENS.
Appointed on April 24 to be Minister of Labour and National Service, Mr. Robens achieves Cabinet rank and becomes a Privy Councillor at forty. He was Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Minister of Transport, 1945-47, and since then has been Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Fuel and Power.



VISITING LONDON: MISS HELGA PETERSEN, THE DANISH MINISTER OF JUSTICE, LEAVING THE OLD BAILEY.
Miss Helga Petersen, the thirty-eight-year-old Danish Minister of Justice, arrived in London on April 24 from Copenhagen for a three-day visit as the guest of the Anglo-Danish Society. Our photograph shows Miss Petersen leaving the Old Bailey on April 25 with Count Reventlow, the Danish Ambassador to Britain.



MR. HAROLD WILSON.
The President of the Board of Trade since October 1947, Mr. Wilson resigned this office on April 23 because, though he supports a strong defence programme, he could not accept the Budget estimates. His personal explanation to the House was sober and modest, and breathed loyalty to his own Party.



MR. JOHN FREEMAN.
Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Supply since 1947, and previously Financial and then Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State at the War Office, Mr. John Freeman resigned on April 23. In his letter to the Prime Minister he stated that he had been disturbed by some of the implications of the Budget.



REUNITED WITH HIS FAMILY: MR. ROBERT VOGELE
AFTER HIS RELEASE FROM PRISON BY THE HUNGARIANS.
Mr. Robert Vogeler, a thirty-nine-year-old American business man who was arrested in November 1949 and sentenced in Budapest in February last year to fifteen years' imprisonment on charges of "espionage," was released on April 28, after the terms stipulated by the Hungarian Government had been met by the United States.



BRIG.-GENERAL C. G. DAWES.
Died suddenly at his home in Chicago on April 23, aged eighty-five. He was chief American delegate to the Reparations Committee of 1923-24. The fruit of his labours—"the Dawes Plan"—earned him the Nobel Peace Prize. He was Vice-President of the United States, 1925-29, and United States Ambassador in London, 1929-32.

MR. ROGER G. BANNISTER.

Had a great win in the U.S.A. on April 28 when he led throughout the final lap of the Benjamin Franklin Mile at the Philadelphia relay race meeting, to win the event with ease in 4 mins. 83 secs. Bannister, the Oxford University miller, broke G. Cunningham's seventeen-year-old record for the race by 3½ secs.

THE MAHARAJA OF RAJPIPLA.

Died at his home at Old Windsor on April 29, aged sixty-one. For many years he was a prominent racehorse owner in England and in India. He succeeded his father in 1915 and was invested with full powers over the State of Rajpipla, in the Presidency of Bombay. In 1934 his horse Windsor Lad won the Derby.



MR. B. H. SUMNER.
Died on April 25, at Oxford, aged fifty-seven. A distinguished historian, he was Warden of All Souls' College, Oxford, since 1945. He served in the K.R.C. and War Office in World War I, on the Peace Conference and I.L.O., and was Fellow and Tutor in Modern History at Balliol, 1925-44. His books include "Russia and the Balkans, 1870-1880."



LORD MACLAY.
Died on April 24 at his Renfrewshire home, aged ninety-three. He was for many years chief partner in the shipping firm of Maclay and McIntyre, but will be best remembered as Shipping Controller during World War I. In 1921 he was appointed to the Business Committee on Finance, and raised to the Peerage 1922.



THE PRODUCTION OF DR. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS' "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" AT COVENT GARDEN: THE COMPOSER AND THE CONDUCTOR, MR. LEONARD HANCOCK.
Dr. Ralph Vaughan Williams, O.M., the distinguished British composer, now in his eightieth year, was present at the first performance of "The Pilgrim's Progress," described as a morality rather than an opera, at Covent Garden on April 26. This important work (illustrated on another page) is, in accordance with the wish of the composer, conducted by twenty-nine-year-old Mr. Leonard Hancock, a member of the Covent Garden musical staff.



SIR MALCOLM ROBERTSON.
Died at Walmer on April 23, aged seventy-three. A distinguished diplomat and formerly British Ambassador in Buenos Aires, he later entered politics and was elected Conservative Member for Mitcham in 1940. He was chosen in 1941 to be chairman of the British Council, in succession to Lord Lloyd.

THE PRODUCTION OF DR. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS' "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" AT COVENT GARDEN: THE COMPOSER AND THE CONDUCTOR, MR. LEONARD HANCOCK.

THE PRODUCTION OF DR. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS' "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" AT COVENT GARDEN: THE COMPOSER AND THE CONDUCTOR, MR. LEONARD HANCOCK.



MOST of us, if we have minds of our own and are not content to obey meekly the behests of our elders and betters—that is, without question—make our own discoveries. I don't suggest that these are very valuable discoveries for the world at large, but they are personal to us and we value them accordingly. It so happens that when I was very young and tender, several pontiffs of the world of art with whom I had a nodding and respectful acquaintance, warned me against the goings-on of certain characters from across the Channel who, they said, had been degrading the noble tradition of painting handed down to Europe through so many centuries and were now infecting the soul's health of our immaculate island. Naturally, I took some pains to see what was available of this alien and dangerous form of art and failed to find in it anything in the least reprehensible—on the contrary, it seemed to me then, as it does to-day, as splendid and exciting and satisfying as anything that had ever been given to the world, growing as naturally from the stem of Nicolas Poussin and Watteau and Fragonard as new types of roses from their ancestors.

What an absurd, rancorous and ill-mannered fuss there was, one distinguished critic, eminent for prosy long-windedness, going so far as to throw his exhibition catalogue on the floor and jump on it! Those were indeed the days! Of all the men who were the targets for this kind of balderdash, Renoir was surely the least guilty of offence, for here was Fragonard reborn with added breadth and sensibility, his line sure, his brush radiant.



FIG. 1. "JEAN RENOIR" (1901); AN ENCHANTING PORTRAIT OF A CHILD ON VIEW IN THE CURRENT RENOIR EXHIBITION. (22½ by 19 ins.)

Renoir's genius is never better expressed than in his portraits of children and young women. This enchanting painting of Jean Renoir is on view at the current exhibition at the Marlborough Fine Art Gallery which is discussed on this page.

other galleries in that magnificent modern museum—and then, quite suddenly, Holbein was forgotten (a shameful confession this), for I was confronted with a most austere, splendid, monumental nude by Renoir—I imagine an early work, somewhere in the 1870's—and since then, as far as I am concerned, Bâle is a city where a great Frenchman could be seen at his noblest. I remember trying to obtain a photograph of this most admirable picture, but I was told that it was on loan to the museum and that the owner disliked the idea of publicity.

The present exhibition at the Marlborough Fine Art Gallery is mainly confined to Renoir's later works with their enchanting primary colour variations—and I venture to use the word in its musical sense, though serious critics deprecate any analogy between music and painting. For my part, I cling obstinately to the belief that fine pictures sing rather than speak,

and I find myself incapable of enjoying them without unconsciously thinking in musical terms. But there are other facets to the work of this serene and essentially unpretentious artist. True enough, he is experimenting all the time, but it is experiment based on the solid foundation of the older masters whom he studied so closely. I would say, for example, that Chardin, that *bon bourgeois par excellence* of the eighteenth century, would see in the delicious child of Fig. 1, in the composition, the subtle tones, the



FIG. 2. "JEUNE FILLE LISANT" (1890); BY PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919), ONE OF THE WORKS EXHIBITED AT THE MARLBOROUGH FINE ART GALLERY. (11½ by 12½ ins.)

Renoir, who was apprenticed to a manufacturer of hand-painted china at the age of fourteen, succeeded in earning sufficient money by decorating fans and painting religious pictures "for export" to begin full-time study of serious painting.

Two very vivid memories remain fixed in my consciousness. The first was an exhibition at the old Reid and Lefevre Gallery in King Street—it was, I think, in the middle '20's—when I suddenly found myself rooted to the floor in front of a small landscape entitled "Le Coup de Vent"—a sloping field with long grass—and I can still hear—yes, actually hear—the wind sweeping across it. It was then, for the first time, that I realised fully how closely the painter could identify himself with the varying moods of the

tender playfulness, not a copy of himself but surely a nineteenth-century extension of his own personality.

Listen to Renoir himself: "Painting is a handicraft (*un métier manuel*), and one must do it like a good workman. For my part, I have never considered myself a revolutionary: I have always believed, and I still believe, that I merely continue what others have done much better before me." Not many painters can talk well; Renoir's recorded conversation is almost as sparkling and luminous as his pictures. "Jealousy among artists is often only the fear of not

surviving. When I look at the old Masters I seem a little nobody; yet I believe that from all my works there will remain sufficient to assure me a place in the French School, this school which I love so much, which is so pleasant, so clear, such good company—and *not noisy*."

It is peculiarly difficult to convey the extreme subtlety—the gossamer quality—of a Renoir painting by means of a photograph. In the case of a landscape it is nearly impossible—tones and values flow into one another in such a way that the lens of a camera fails to make the necessary distinctions. Unless one is fairly familiar with the pictures themselves, one obtains merely a blurred impression of lights and darks. A photograph of the "Reading Girl" in Fig. 2 is more successful—it shows the extreme delicacy of the outline and does not distort the brushwork. What it cannot do is to reproduce the reds and pinks of the picture. This same young woman, by the way, is Gabrielle, who has achieved immortality in many of his works, notably in that wonderful *tour de force* in which umbrellas dance down the street—and who but a very great man would make a masterpiece out of objects so banal as umbrellas? No wonder old-fashioned critics were shocked beyond endurance.

In addition to the landscapes and figures—among the latter various studies of children



FIG. 3. "CLAUDE RENOIR EN BLEU, LISANT" (1910); A BEAUTIFUL PAINTING OF A BOY BY RENOIR. (25½ by 21½ ins.)

Renoir, whose genius is well displayed in the current exhibition of his work at the Marlborough Fine Art Gallery organised in aid of the "Save the Children" Fund and "Children and Youth Aliyah," entered the Ecole des Beaux Arts in 1862, and in the studio of Gleyre met Monet, Sisley and Bazille.

clearly done to please himself—visitors will be delighted to see a characteristic late painting of roses and a still-life of peaches and a melon (again one goes back to Chardin, and then compares both with Cézanne), a water-colour, a pastel, and one drawing in *sanguine*. It is a nicely balanced show, and I am thankful I did not miss it. The exhibition is in aid of the "Save the Children" Fund and "Children and Youth Aliyah," and all proceeds from entrance fees and sale of catalogues are being devoted to these good causes.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A RENOIR EXHIBITION.

By FRANK DAVIS.



THE "GLITTERING PRIZES" OF FIFTY-FIVE NATIONAL SPORTS ON EXHIBITION.



THE WIGHTMAN CUP.

Women's lawn tennis: open to women's teams throughout the world, but only England and U.S.A. have competed. Presented by Mrs. Wightman in 1923. England have won four times.



THE ASHES.

Cricket: The Replica of the Test Match Ashes, presented to Lord Darnley in Melbourne, after England had won the series in 1883 and by him left to the M.C.C.



THE JEAN GALIA INTERNATIONAL CUP.

Rugby League Football: presented in 1949 by the widow of Jean Galia for international competition between France, England and Wales. France won 1948-49; England 1949-50.



THE AMERICA'S CUP.

Yachting: presented by the Royal Yacht Squadron in 1851 and won by the U.S. schooner *America*. Despite sixteen attempts, British and Canadian, it has remained in America.



GOLFFPREIS DER NATIONEN.

Golf: the only sports trophy presented by Herr Hitler. Offered in the Olympic Games on the last occasion that golf was included. Won by two Englishmen, T. J. Thirsk and A. L. Bentley.



"THE SPORTING LIFE" MARATHON TROPHY.

Long-distance running: offered in 1909, by *The Sporting Life* for a Marathon (26 miles 385 yards) from Windsor to London. Now started in the Long Walk, Windsor Great Park.



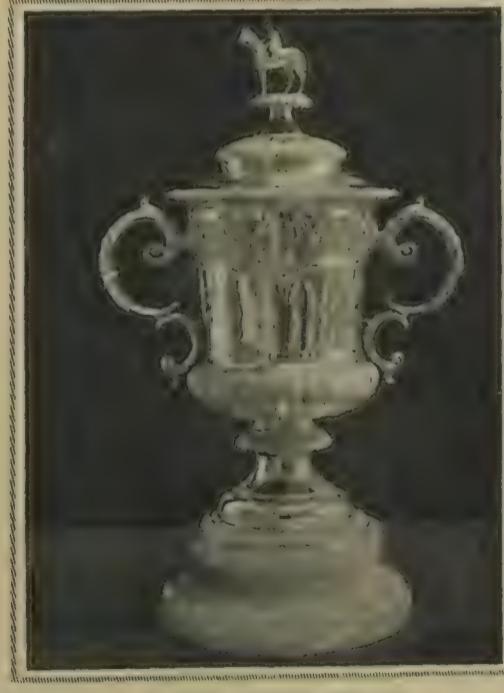
THE F.A. CHALLENGE CUP.

Association Football: first competed for in 1871-72, but this particular cup dates from 1911. The greatest prize of professional football. Won on April 28 by Newcastle United.



THE CURTIS CUP.

Golf: presented by the Misses Harriot and Margaret Curtis for competition between women golfers of America and Great Britain. Never yet won by Great Britain.

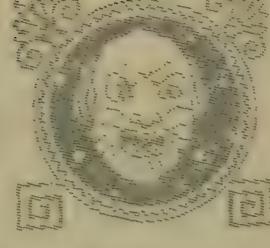


THE QUEEN ELIZABETH CUP.

Racing: a new trophy, to be awarded to the owner of the winner of the Queen Elizabeth Steeplechase, to be run at Hurst Park on Whit-Monday, May 14 this year.

On Monday, April 30, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh officially opened to the public at Hutchinson House, Stratford Place, a remarkable Exhibition of National Sporting Trophies, which had been gathered together from many sources for the Festival of Britain period (April to September). The exhibits, which number 474, are arranged under sixty different heads, and cover such diverse sports (fifty-five of them) as Cricket, Darts, Racing, Coursing, Billiards, Tennis (Royal, Lawn and Table), three codes of Football, Chess, Tobogganing,

and many others, and include, as our brief selection shows, some of the most sought-after "glittering prizes" of sport. Some of them are no longer competed for, as, for example, the Catherine of Braganza Shield for Archery, instituted in 1676, and last won in 1757: the majority are still in hot dispute, as the F.A. Cup, which left the Exhibition temporarily for presentation to Newcastle United on April 28; and there are some that have yet to be competed for, like the Queen Elizabeth Steeplechase Cup shown above.

The World of the Cinema.

TWO PRIZE PIECES.

By ALAN DENT.

THERE can be no doubt in the world that two new films have delighted the European experts far more than they do me. "The Tales of Hoffmann" and "La Ronde" are said to have been the major sensations of recent festivals and festivities at Cannes and such places. (I am content to take my Festival, cinematic or other, at home in London this year.)

Let me deal first with "La Ronde" as being the more palatable of these two *bonnes bouches*. I am glad, first of all, to note that the urbane little Curzon Cinema is retaining the French title of this delicately indecent adaptation from the Viennese playwright's, Arthur Schnitzler's, play "Reigen." Some annunciatory Press-matter declared that it would be called here "The Merry-go-Round of Love." But this notion on the part of some bright and very English boy has justly been suppressed. It is a notion on the lines of "The Paris Waltz" (which is plodding) being used for the English version of the Fresnay-Printemps-Offenbach film, "La Valse de Paris" (which is lilting).



"A GAY AND GLITTERING COMEDY WHICH HAS A CRUEL BODY OF TRUTH JUST BENEATH ITS SURFACE": ANTON WALBROOK INTRODUCING THE FIRST OF THE CHARACTERS, A WOMAN OF VIENNA (SIMONE SIGNORET), IN THE FILM "LA RONDE."

Vividly do I remember the appearance of Ludmilla Pitoëff in "La Ronde" in some club performances in London in the early spring of 1933. That enchanting actress played all five of the immensely assorted ladies in the play—which is what the playwright from the first intended. These five are a prostitute, a servant-girl, a *femme du monde*, a little dressmaker, and an actress. Each of these is seen first with one lover and then with another or her husband. The prostitute meets a soldier, who leaves her for a servant-girl dancing in a café. The servant-girl pretends to be seduced by a young man who has an affair with the *femme du monde*. The latter allows her husband to lecture her on the beauty of faithfulness, after which he deceives her with the little dressmaker. The little dressmaker makes love to a famous dramatist, who has an episode with an actress, who grants favours to a count, who spends a night with the prostitute with whom the play began. And so the vicious little wheel comes full circle—or, if you like, the daisy-chain is complete!

The best and most forthright dramatic critic of the day said of the play when Pitoëff appeared in it: "This consists of one anecdote told ten times over, and it exhibits in each case the intoxicated gallop to passion and the sober retreat therefrom. This is the common experience of all whose youth has not, in Stevenson's phrase, been depressed by exceptional aesthetic surroundings, and it is probably the one universal experience about which most writers have been constrained to a false modesty. Yet it was not a disreputable poet who wrote . . ." And the critic proceeded to quote the shattering 129th Sonnet of Shakespeare with that clinching final couplet which almost may be said to put humanity in its place:

All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

To change the viewpoint and yet take another instance from the work of this same super-poet, one might say that Schnitzler's purpose in writing "Reigen"—he wrote it, by the way, in 1900, and it was not licensed even in Europe until 1920—was to illustrate, in sexual terms, that remark of Hamlet's which is so terrible because so plainly true: "A man

may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm."

But something too much of this! "La Ronde" is a gay and glittering comedy which has a cruel body of truth just underneath its surface. It is directed by Max Ophuls with much skill and evocativeness. And all the best actors and actresses in France seem to be in the cast. The parts all played by Pitoëff in the long ago are now entrusted respectively to Mesdames Simone Signoret, Simone Simon, Danielle Darrieux, Odette Joyeux and Isa Miranda. I am, of course, as ready as anybody to agree that the virtuosity of the same actress performing all five rôles would not be feasible in a film-version. All the same, the feat gave the play a coherence and a roundedness which the film somehow lacks, and which it struggles to attain by repeatedly showing us a merry-go-round in action to the refrain of a

little waltz-tune
by Oscar Strauss
(which is charming for only the first three or four of the twenty-odd times we have to hear it).

Of the six men—MM. Anton Walbrook, Serge Reggiani, Daniel Gelin, Fernand Gravey, Jean-Louis Barrault and Gerard Philipe—I was most impressed by M. Gravey's hypocritical husband quoting Stendhal to his purposes, and by M. Gelin, who looks like all



THE CHAIN COMPLETED, OR THE LAST TWIRL OF THE MERRY-GO-ROUND: THE COUNT (GERARD PHILIPPE) LEAVES THE WOMAN OF VIENNA (SIMONE SIGNORET) AND MEETS THE SOLDIER ABOUT TO ENTER IN SEARCH OF HER; A SCENE FROM "LA RONDE."

Musset's heroes rolled into one. Both of these were witty characterisations. Indeed, the whole thing is witty and goes with a swing—not to mention a round-about! But I was obsessed with a feeling all the time I gazed at it that Schnitzler's original and mordant purpose had been allowed to recede out of view, and that the result is nothing more than a glittering and quite unconsciously cynical farce.

Yet at least "La Ronde" is nowhere dull or puzzling, whereas "The Tales of Hoffmann" is only too often both, and sometimes both together. This may be a jaundiced view—as it certainly is a personal

one. But I defy any view to remain unjaundiced which can gaze with unprejudiced eyes at this almost ludicrously elaborate and almost woefully affected spectacle for the two hours and a bit that it lasts. I know that Messrs. Powell and Pressburger have a high reputation as writers and directors of unusual films. I am well aware of the distinguished reputations of Miss Moira Shearer and Messrs. Massine and Helpmann as dancers and mimes. I have heard good—and seen good—of the work of M. Hein Heckroth as an imaginative designer.

But to my way of looking and listening, everything in this film goes wrong from the start. And the start is the choice of opera. Offenbach's "The Tales of Hoffmann" is neither characteristic Offenbach nor characteristic opera. Offenbach was a composer of innumerable operettas which bubble over with humour. This, left unfinished at his death, was his only opera and, I should think, his least humorous composition of any sort. This is not to say that it is without



SET IN THE VIENNA OF THE 1900'S: A SCENE FROM "LA RONDE," WHERE THE SOLDIER (SERGE REGGIANI) MEETS A WOMAN OF VIENNA (SIMONE SIGNORET)—THE FIRST ROUND OF THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

some lovely tunes—including that Barcarolle to which one would no more deny charm than one would deny it to the moon! And to these tunes every advantage is accorded that Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra can accord. But the whole work lacks that exhilaration which is surely the first quality with which film-opera might make a start with reasonable chance of success.

Oddly enough, the more this filming of "The Tales of Hoffmann" tries to escape from the stage, the more it is stage-bound. We have an odd feeling of being seated not in the stalls but on top of the footlights, obliged to gaze at grotesquely over-made-up actors and dancers, over-miming and over-gesticulating through the three Hoffmannesque episodes, which are somehow made infinitely more bewildering and pointless than they seem even in a third-class touring version of the opera. Add to these discomforts and ordeals the fact that half the characters genuinely sing, whereas the other half only pretend while the voices of unseen singers are supposed to come from their mouthing visages. Thus Mr. Helpmann, slight as a male sylph, startlingly becomes a basso profundo; and Miss Shearer, capering exquisitely, improbably turns out to have enough breath to be a lyrical soprano. Did I say that this was a film-opera without humour? I said wrongly. It has some, though it is humour of the most woefully unconscious sort.

Visually, too, I must opine that the aesthetic impact of "The Tales of Hoffmann" is not that which Hoffmannesque fantasy might conceivably be. We had just a taste of the right thing at the beginning, when we saw the crowded weathercocks of Nuremberg in silhouette against a wan and livid sky. But even from this promising opening, and even from this aspect, the film rapidly degenerated. And for what seemed whole hours we proceeded and concluded in a décor whose quality seemed to be inspired by nothing more ambitious or beguiling than an old-fashioned toffee-shop. Disgruntled and disappointed to a degree, I left the Carlton Cinema muttering: "Barcalollipops!"

NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD: THE CUP FINAL AND OTHER EVENTS.



THE F.A. CUP FINAL AT WEMBLEY: H.M. THE KING SHAKING HANDS WITH STANLEY MATTHEWS, THE BLACKPOOL OUTSIDE RIGHT, BEFORE THE MATCH.



BEFORE THE MATCH, IN WHICH NEWCASTLE UNITED DEFEATED BLACKPOOL: H.M. THE KING SHAKING HANDS WITH J. MILBURN, THE NEWCASTLE CENTRE-FORWARD, WHO SCORED BOTH THE GOALS FOR HIS SIDE.

In the presence of the King and Queen, Princess Margaret, the Duke of Gloucester and 100,000 spectators, Newcastle United defeated Blackpool in the F.A. Cup Final at Wembley Stadium on April 28, scoring two goals to Blackpool's none. Both the goals were scored at the beginning of the second half by J. Milburn, the Newcastle centre-forward. For the fourth time in their career Newcastle United are the F.A. Cup-holders. Stanley Matthews, the brilliant Blackpool player, again missed achieving his ambition of gaining a winner's medal.



PAYING HER FIRST VISIT TO CHESTER: PRINCESS ELIZABETH LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL ACCOMPANIED BY LORD LEVERHULME.

Princess Elizabeth was given a great welcome when she visited Chester on April 27 on her way to the Eaton Hall Officer Cadet School, where she took the salute at a passing-out parade. Although it began to rain, the Princess carried on with her inspection of the 420 cadets, including 46 passing out, and chatted to several. In the afternoon her Royal Highness visited Chester Cathedral, after another tour through crowded streets.



SIGNING THE ANGLO-ARGENTINE MEAT PACT: MR. J. EDWARDS (RIGHT), HEAD OF THE BRITISH TRADE DELEGATION, AND DR. HIPOLITO PAZ (LEFT), THE ARGENTINE FOREIGN MINISTER.

PRESIDENT PERÓN AND HIS WIFE CAN BE SEEN (CENTRE) WATCHING THE CEREMONY. An Anglo-Argentine supplementary trade agreement, signed in Buenos Aires on April 23, provides for shipment to Britain of 230,000 tons of meat within twelve months at an average price increase of nearly one-third. The protocol was signed at Government House in the presence of President Perón and his wife, with Dr. Quijano, the Vice-President, the entire Cabinet, and leaders of the Army and Navy. President Perón can be seen in our photograph standing next to his wife (left).



CONDUCTING THE ROME OPERA ORCHESTRA DURING A REHEARSAL ON APRIL 27: GIANNELLA DE MARCO, A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD CHILD CONDUCTOR WHO CONDUCTED THE SAME ORCHESTRA AT A CONCERT ON THE FOLLOWING DAY. GIANNELLA HAS BEEN CONDUCTING ORCHESTRAS IN SOUTH AMERICA AND EUROPE FOR THE PAST THREE YEARS.



VOTED "FOOTBALLER OF THE YEAR": HARRY JOHNSTON (LEFT), CAPTAIN OF BLACKPOOL,

RECEIVING HIS TROPHY FROM MR. IVAN SHARPE ON APRIL 27. Harry Johnston, captain of the Blackpool team that met Newcastle United in the F.A. Cup Final, was voted "Footballer of the Year" by the members of the Football Writers' Association. He was awarded the trophy at the Association's annual dinner at the Press Club, London, on April 27.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IT seems to me that in the atmosphere of homage which surrounds "Father Goose," by Chapman Mortimer (Hart-Davis; 9s. 6d.), there is a strange, involuntary note of warning. The "average reader" is expected to be posed, and so we *must* enjoy it, as a proof that we are not average. That is the jacket's line—surely not well adapted to a stubborn ear; while critics treat it as a "nonsense" book of rare quality. Are we indeed such blinkered realists—used to experiment, yet so bemused by real difference? Frankly, I have been much more puzzled by "profound" writers, who kept the road and seemed to baffle no one else. All that you have to do with *Father Goose* is let it go on. It will explain in time, or not explain; and what it doesn't say will be superfluous to comfort.

For instance: *Father Goose* is an Englishman, but he is 12 ft. high. And he has two young friends, Bluey and Johnnie Owl. But why so called, why their companion is a giant, whether his little friends are midgets or of stock size, and why all three are straying without impedimenta on an Indian plain, we never know and presently forget to ask. They are discovered gaping at a faqir in a dry well. After some hours, a lonely traveller, advancing crabwise, comes upon the scene. First he defends his method of progression, then explains about the old man. This faqir is a certain Dadu Ram, who has been withered up by fear of ridicule. It is a long story—a tale of village magic and profane love, and of a love-sick, talking buffalo; and it is not told straight through. The audience keeps butting in, the crabman goes off in a huff; and *Father Goose*, mysteriously prompted, takes up the story. If true, it shows the faqir can't be Dadu Ram. There is a magic and peculiar interlude, under a blue moon; and then the old man of the well acquires a voice. This plain, he says, is Mahadeo, and a haunt of demons. He is not Dadu; his choice of dwelling has a much more cogent, and a darker cause. And yet his tale is only Dadu's in another key, or on a higher plane of consciousness. The "evil power of love" is still ascendant, but the tone has changed; enchantment has sunk deeper in. And here—in Mahadeo, where the moon turns blue—here is the very focus of enchantments, which are still at work. The last narrator is the well itself. And then, for our three tourists, there remains an epilogue.

Each tale, or, if you like, each episode, is told completely in the long run, but the surround is whimsical and porous. *Father Goose* is not dreamlike; nor yet nonsensical, although the crab-man's logic has a ring of Carroll. To take a short cut; it is magically Indian: not as it were for show, but in its very bones. The peasant scene, the quality of thought—the farce, the sentiment, the superstition, and the jewelled richness—all have the same dye. With *Father Goose* and his companions we approach home ground; but it is faery ground no less.

And afterwards, an "ordinary novel" must expect to look rather stale. I don't say that "The Hidden Hero," by Stanley Kauffmann (Collins; 10s. 6d.), would strike one as original in any context. It has no fresh ideas, only a mixture of the old. The scene is Mexico—where moral derelicts are so inclined to fetch up: the theme, pursuit and psychological detection. But it is extremely well done: mature, intriguing, at the head of its class.

Eleanor Shafer has been wrecked by cowardice. She always was a moral craven; her father warned her, but it never really sank in. Now she has failed in a decisive hour; she sees the truth—but all is over. It is too late to mend, and, anyhow, she couldn't mend. Life has become a featureless abyss of torment, so she flees to Mexico.

And there Roy Anderson is looking for a hero. His company has planned a film on aviation between the wars, based on some real, dramatic flights. But one ex-idol has been lost to view. He was last heard of at a place in Mexico, and Roy is to make contact. Eleanor goes along—because she might as well; because she has to get through the day.

But the pursuit is more than a day's work. Go where they will, Earl Seastrom has already left; and those who know are anxious to confuse the trail. Plainly, the former hero has gone very bad. He is remembered as a drunken bully, or a lost soul; and Eleanor begins to understand him, from her own experience. This is a coward in flight—and then, it seems, a coward on the way back. For at a certain point, he stopped; he changed direction.... What was his fatal secret? Roy has a little problem of his own; he is a moral light-weight, but agreeable, indeed the best character. Setting and dialogue are good and lively, and the interest is well sustained.

"Anger at Innocence," by William Gardner Smith (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), aims, I suppose, at the pathetic. The skill is there, but the material is hopeless. A tame, long-married, ineffectual angel falls in love with a pickpocket, a wild young creature from the slums. Rodina has been trained to think that she was born bad. Touched by her lover's faith and goodness, she resolves to live up to him, while Theodore acquires the courage to desert his wife. But his wife torments him with forgiving letters, and he loses his job, and goes in terror of his new associates. Meanwhile, Rodina is persuaded that they can't be happy till she makes him bad too. But all her labour is in vain, and the effect is tragic. Or it was meant to be; but since his imbecility of character is only matched by her feeble-mindedness, one can't accept it in the proper spirit.

"The Murder of a Red-Haired Man," by Mary Plum (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 9s. 6d.), has a most brave, old-fashioned little heroine, reared by a schoolmarm aunt in outer darkness, at a place called Big Hole. But the aunt dies, and Deborah must go to work. On her last evening in the Hole, two strangers set up and nearly drown her. She is rescued by a third stranger, who then provides her with a job in Washington. But crime and mystery pursue; and we return at length to find the answer in her native swamps. It is a good story: less slick and mass-produced, and more humane in feeling, than the stock thriller.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THIS ENGLAND.

OF the many books about this country it has been my fate to read, I can remember none more delightful than "Here's England," by Ruth McKenney and Richard Bransten (Hart-Davis; 21s.). The writers are an American married couple who have long known and loved this country. Not that their affection is idolatrous. It is not. Their views, for example, on hotel cooking should be written out a hundred times before breakfast by every manager in the country and recited in hushed and humble tones to the entire staff before the day's work of making enemies for Britain begins. They have a theory that "raspberry trifle probably began with the Boer War as a kind of national self-mortification." Alternatively, they take the view (and it seems to me to be highly tenable) that that dish was invented by Ruskin. "Tourist food in England," is, they maintain, "vengefully—and stupidly—frightful." Their views on our fancies and foibles are the more refreshing for the fact that they are seen through such affectionately malicious eyes. An account in a popular American paper of a key baseball match in the World Series is to me a luxurious swallow in entire gibberish. But imagine the late Archie Macdonell describing the same game after studying its niceties. That will give you an impression of the authors' description of a cricket match seen through the originally uncomprehending eyes of those reared on baseball. No. It is not possible to describe the delights of this chapter without quoting it in full, so I leave you to read it for yourself. Do not think from what I have just written that the book is all wit and no substance. It happens to be one of the best, the fullest and most informative guide-books to this country yet produced (though surely somebody has been pulling their leg about the origin of the hat-trick?). Incidentally, if anybody has a small son who is getting into trouble at school for not being able to master the intricacies of the Wars of the Roses, their guide to that confusing period is so amusing and painless that the child will swallow it as easily as a bolus in raspberry jam. The publishers have piled Pelion on Ossa by embellishing the admirable text with Mr. Osbert Lancaster's drawings. It is almost more than we could reasonably have expected.

Practically all the major events in what native Londoners somewhat apprehensively call "the Battle of Britain" will take place in and around the territory ruled over by the Westminster City Council. It is appropriate, therefore, that in this Festival Year Westminster should issue its own "Festival Guide." This handsomely produced booklet is issued under the authority of the Westminster Chamber of Commerce, costs 3s. 6d., and is published by, of all people, Gale and Polden, Ltd. If there are strong commercial under- and overtones about it, few taxpayers will quarrel about this in connection with a Festival from which a sense of the commercial has been so conspicuously and expensively absent. Certainly the Westminster ratepayers need have no qualms. The sponsors should be "quids in" over it.

It is appropriate, too, that in this Festival Year a short version of the admirable "Blue Guide to London" (Benn; 15s.) should appear. Neither the sum demanded by the publishers nor the shape of this compact little volume should damage the pocket. It is excellent value. Not the least interesting section is that devoted to the Houses of Parliament, together with the excellent ground plan. Those who are frequent visitors to the House of Commons or the House of Lords find their geography confusing, and I suspect that even some old Parliamentary hands could not guide you unerringly from, say, the Clerk of the Parliaments' House to the House of Clerk of the Commons. (Perhaps some enterprising manufacturer of indoor games will bring out a Parliamentary version of Snakes and Ladders to while away late-night sittings; in this case, this book will provide a useful and slightly unfair "crib".)

Those with a taste for military history could not do better than get "The Battlefields of England," by Colonel Alfred Burne, D.S.O. (Methuen; 21s.). There are few parts of these islands which have not seen at least a skirmish, but some have been of vast importance to our history—sites where brave men on either side have laid down their lives for the great causes in which they believed. Colonel Burne takes us over nineteen of these historic battlefields from Hastings to Sedgemoor. "The wonder is," as Professor G. M. Trevelyan says in his foreword, "that no such book has appeared before." Like him, too, we "can be grateful to have a really good one at last"—for a really good book it is.

A book in which Mr. Herbert Felton, the well-known photographer of architecture and that considerable authority on mediæval art (one of whose excellent books I noticed here recently), Mr. John Harvey, co-operate, is something to be looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation. I have to confess that "The English Cathedrals" (Batsford; 18s.) disappointed me. This is nothing to do with the scholarly and interesting text of Mr. Harvey or the excellent photographs (as I am sure they were before printing) of Mr. Felton. The fault lies in the printing. I, who have so often praised the admirable quality of the printing of the books which come from the Batsford stable, feel entitled to say that this book is definitely not up to that high standard—indeed, is very far below it. The photographs remind one of those sepia postcards of French cathedrals which you buy when your francs are running out and you feel you can't afford the more expensive ones. It is a great pity, and while I sympathise with publishers in general, faced with ever-rising costs, this is surely a false economy.

The same criticism applies to an otherwise admirable book, "British Countryside in Colour" (Odhams; 18s.). Here is a book from the pens of a distinguished group of contributors, profusely illustrated with artists' paintings and black-and-white photographs—and the result is, to put it mildly, dreary. It must be heartbreaking for author, artist, photographer and, for all I know, publisher alike—on which grouchy note I end.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE glorious spring is with us at last. The kindly sunshine, the pulsating new life in every field and hedgerow, and the mass murder. Listen to that little bird twittering in the tree. What is he singing? "Keep away, or I'll kill you!" A flurry, a scuffle, and what has happened? He is being crushed to death in the graceful jaws of our puss. Look at those sweet little sparrows—how quick are their movements! Slower movements would spell extinction.

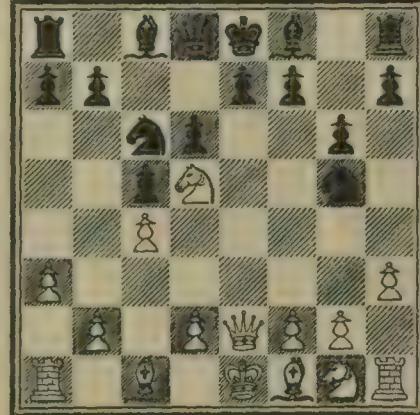
My wife, who accuses me of neglecting the garden, doesn't understand how abhorrent I find nature in some of its aspects.

However, the spring is here: we must face up to it; and in the purest spirit of spring let us examine a recent instance of quick death on the chess-board. To show that we are human, we shall then engage in a brief post-mortem, which is a thing Nature certainly would never bother about.

A game played in Denmark in March went:

White	Black	White	Black
HANSON.	PEDERSEN.	HANSON.	PEDERSEN.
1. P-QB4	P-QB4	5. Kt-QB3	P-KKt3
2. P-K4	Kt-QB3	6. Kt-Q5	Kt×P
3. P-QR3	P-Q3	7. Q-K2	Kt-Kt4?
4. P-KR3	Kt-B3		

BLACK.



WHITE.

8. Kt-B6

Yes, it's mate. This hoary old menace, in one form or another, claims a new victim somewhere every minute. What is the reason? I feel it is nine-tenths psychological. Your chess infancy is devoted to learning the powers of the chessmen. In fact, you mentally replace the pieces by their powers. You learn to regard a pawn not as a wooden shape, but as an abstraction with special powers. Pin that pawn, and half its powers disappear: you have to forget part of what you have learnt—and to forget, as we know from bitter lapses at golf, tennis, love, etc., is far harder than to learn.

The moment White's queen went to K2, Black's KP became only the shadow of a pawn. Its ability to capture on Q3 or KB3 disappeared. It was no longer really a pawn. It would—quite seriously—have helped Black's cogitations a lot if the laws of the game had allowed him to remove it temporarily from the board and replace it by, say, a cough lozenge.

The ability to sublimate a piece of wood into an abstraction with special powers—that ability is not enough. It must be further developed. An infinite flexibility must temper your mental outlook.

I might pursue this theme further, but unfortunately I have received definite instructions to proceed to the garden.

me. This is nothing to do with the scholarly and interesting text of Mr. Harvey or the excellent photographs (as I am sure they were before printing) of Mr. Felton. The fault lies in the printing. I, who have so often praised the admirable quality of the printing of the books which come from the Batsford stable, feel entitled to say that this book is definitely not up to that high standard—indeed, is very far below it. The photographs remind one of those sepia postcards of French cathedrals which you buy when your francs are running out and you feel you can't afford the more expensive ones. It is a great pity, and while I sympathise with publishers in general, faced with ever-rising costs, this is surely a false economy.

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E. D. O'BRIEN.

AIR, LAND AND SEA DISASTERS; AND THE FESTIVAL SHIP "CAMPANIA."



THE EXPLOSION OF THE 1192-TON BRITISH NAVAL ARMAMENTS SHIP *BEDENHAM* AT GIBRALTAR ON APRIL 27: A VIEW OF THE WRECKAGE AFTER THE DETONATION, WHICH KILLED EIGHT. On April 27 the British ammunition ship *Bedenham*, which had arrived in Gibraltar on April 24 and was due to sail for Malta on April 30, blew up in Admiralty Harbour alongside the Ordnance Wharf, killing eight persons, injuring many and causing much damage. All the crew of *Bedenham* are reported safe. Naval ordnance experts were immediately flown to Gibraltar from Britain, and began their investigations on April 29.



THE BRITISH AMMUNITION SHIP WHICH EXPLODED AT GIBRALTAR, CAUSING LOSS OF LIFE: *BEDENHAM*, WHICH ARRIVED AT GIBRALTAR ON APRIL 24 WITH AMMUNITION AND STORES.



AN AIR DISASTER FROM WHICH THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS: PART OF THE WRECKAGE OF THE MIAMI-HAVANA AIRLINER WHICH COLLIDED WITH A U.S. NAVY AIRCRAFT ON APRIL 25. Forty-three people were killed on April 25 when an airliner flying from Miami to Havana with thirty-four passengers and a crew of five on board collided with a small U.S. Navy aircraft with a crew of four a mile off Key West. Our photograph shows part of the wreckage of the airliner.



THE JAPANESE RAILWAY FIRE DISASTER AT YOKOHAMA ON APRIL 24: STRETCHER PARTIES CONVEYING DEAD AND WOUNDED FROM THE BURNT-OUT ELECTRIC TRAIN. On April 24 a disastrous fire occurred in a Japanese train at Yokohama. An overhead electric cable short-circuited, and caused a cable to burn out and hang down, igniting the wooden train roof. Over 100 died. Passengers could not alight, owing to "safety" closing devices for doors.

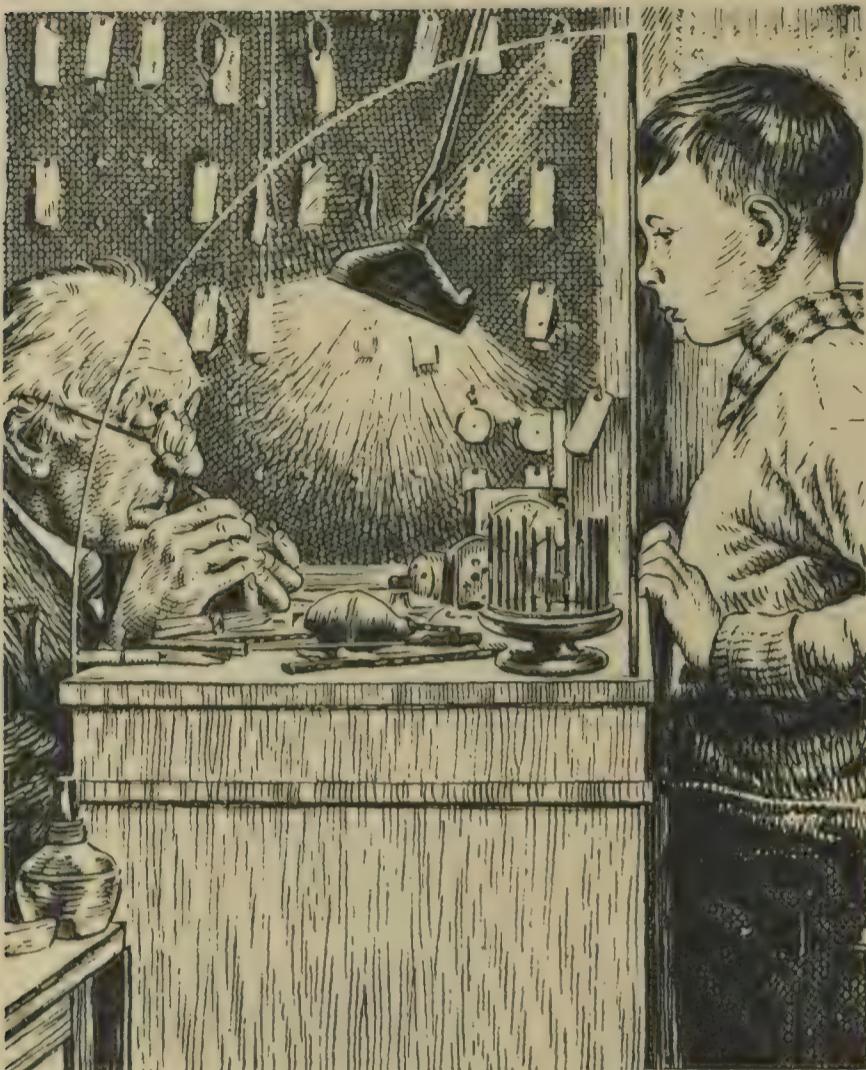


LENT BY THE ADMIRALTY AS A FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN SHIP: H.M.S. *CAMPANIA*, THE 16,000-TON AIRCRAFT-CARRIER IN SOUTHAMPTON WATER. *Campania*, the 16,000-ton aircraft-carrier lent by the Admiralty as a Festival of Britain ship, has been elaborately fitted up, and was due to open to the public on May 4, at Southampton. Most of the display is in the 300-ft-long hangar, in which the regions of the British Isles and the people of Britain are the themes. Mineral wealth, agriculture, radar, pleasure craft, a lifeboat and the development of power from the beam engine of 1825 to the jet engine are also displayed.



SHOWING PART OF THE EXHIBITION IN THE HANGAR: A VIEW ON BOARD H.M.S. *CAMPANIA*, THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN SHIP, WHICH WAS DUE TO OPEN TO THE PUBLIC ON MAY 4.

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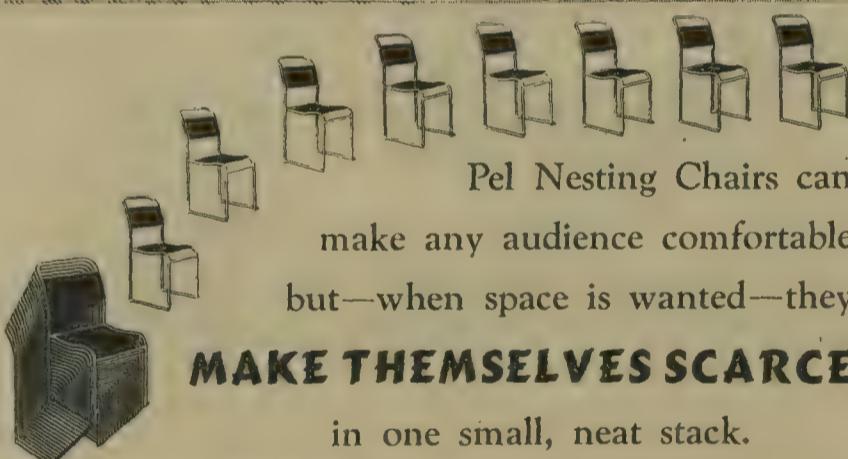


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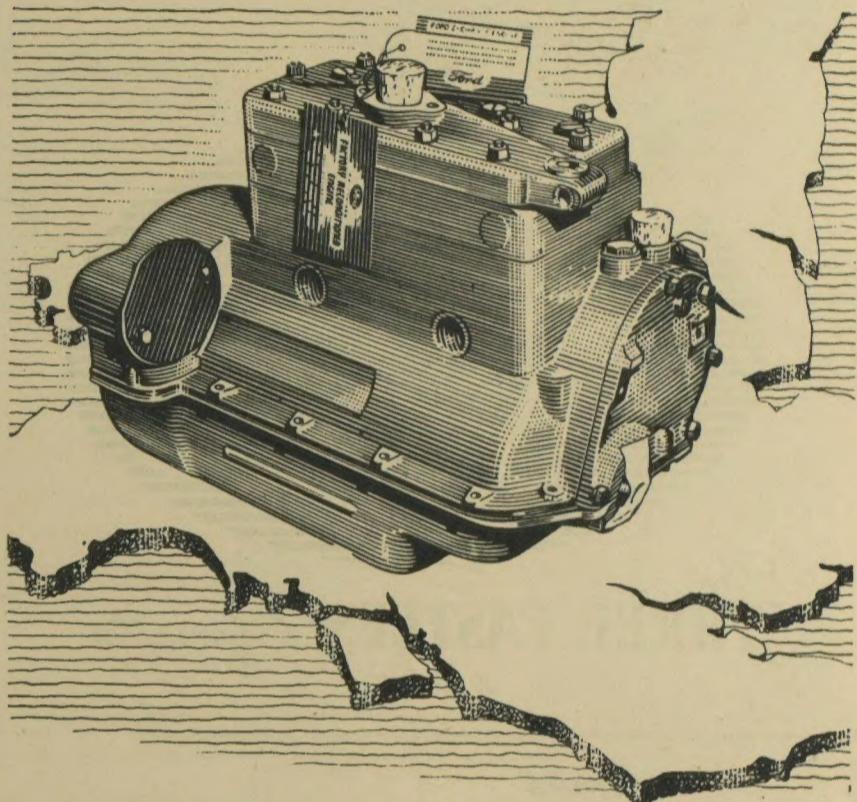


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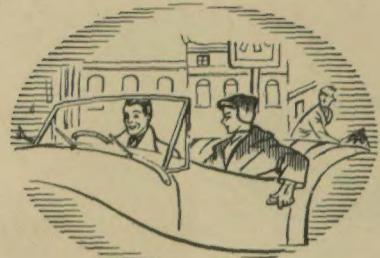
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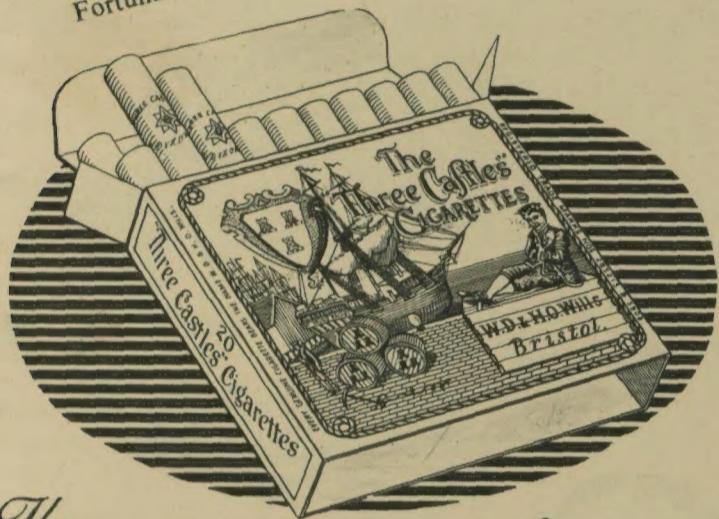
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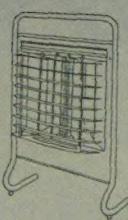
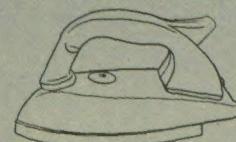
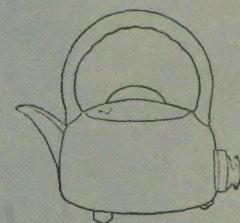
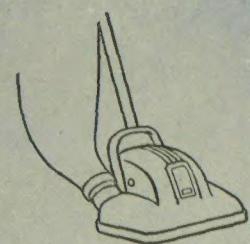
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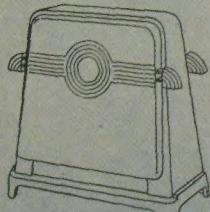
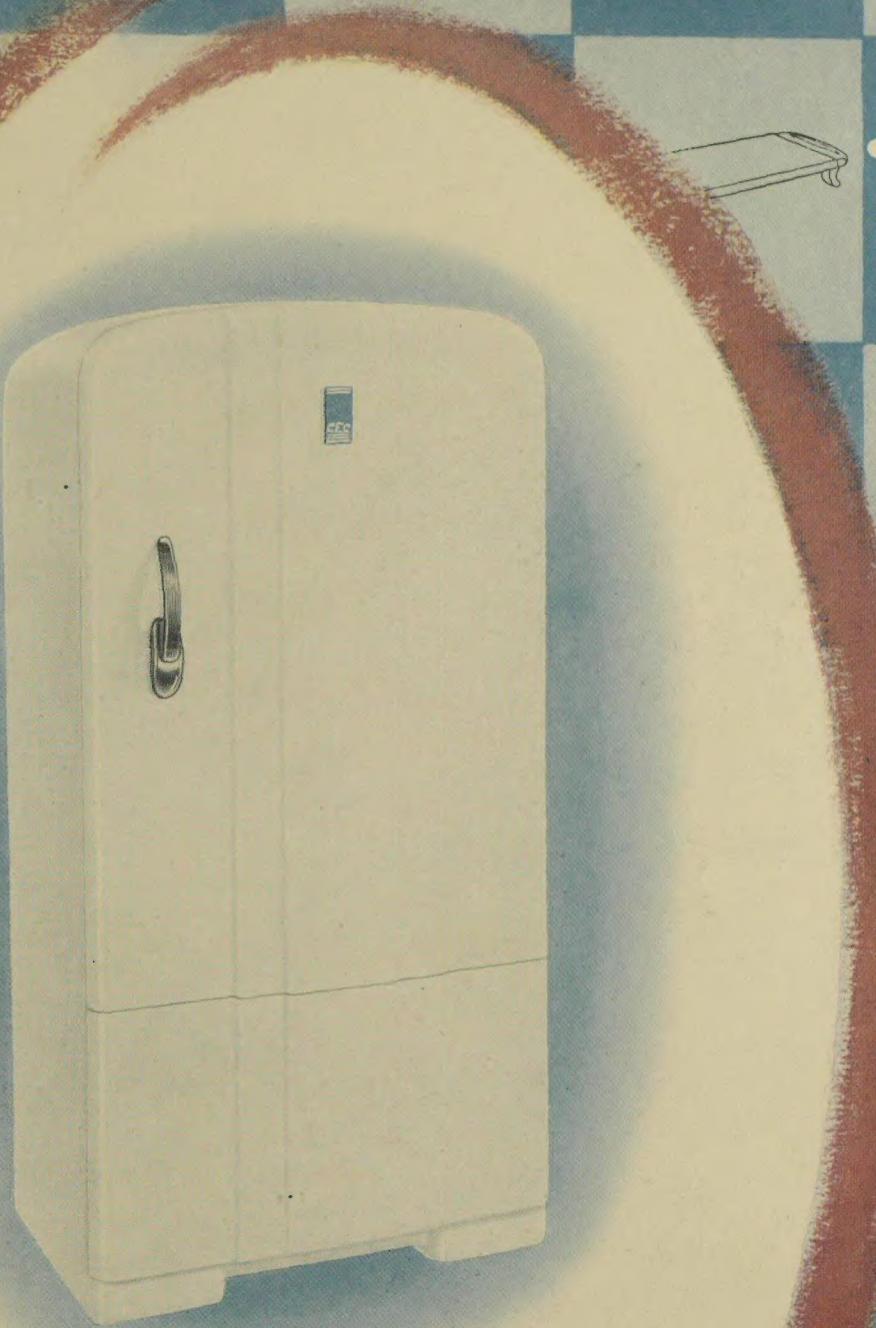
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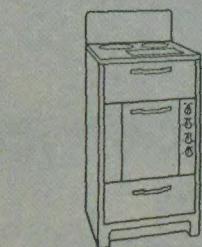
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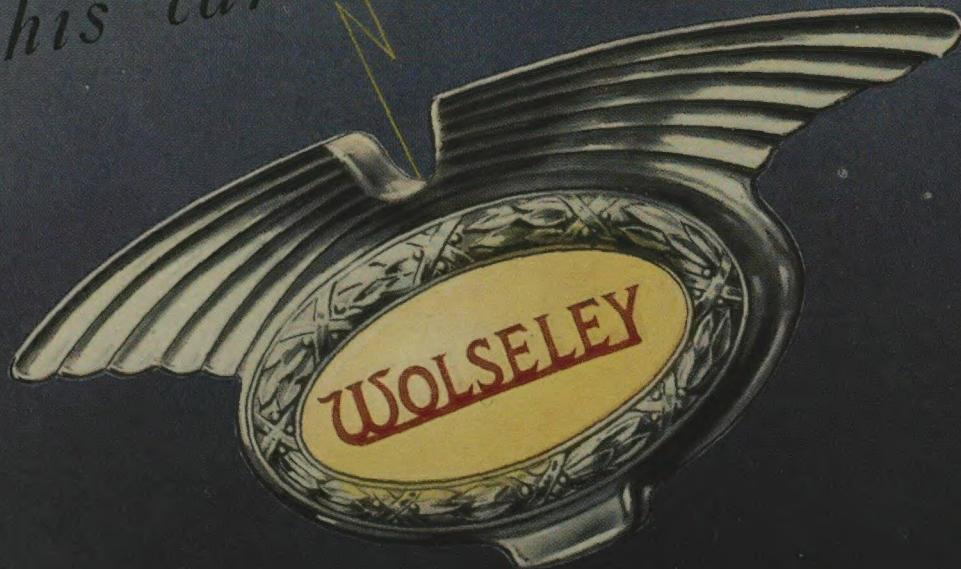
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